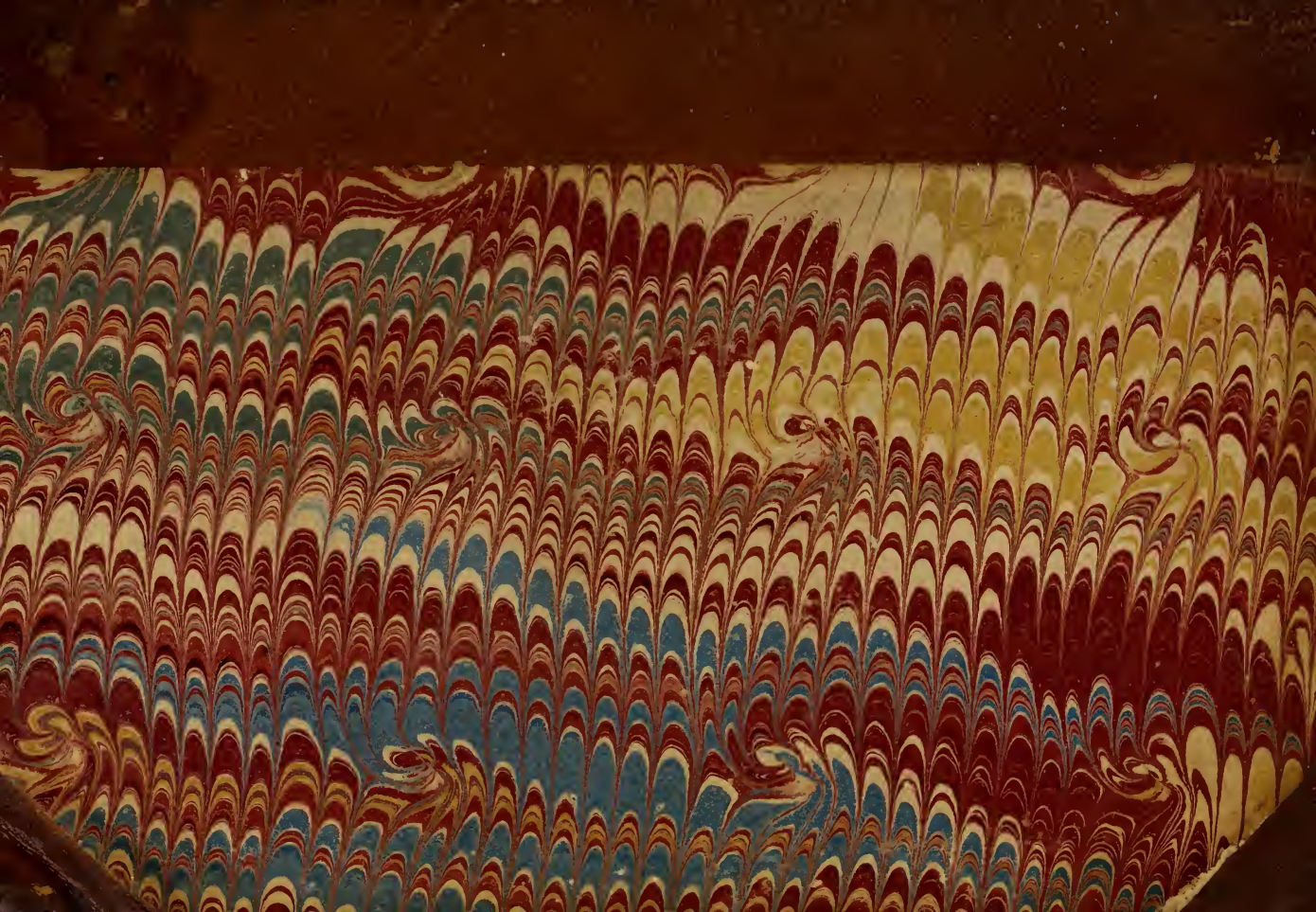

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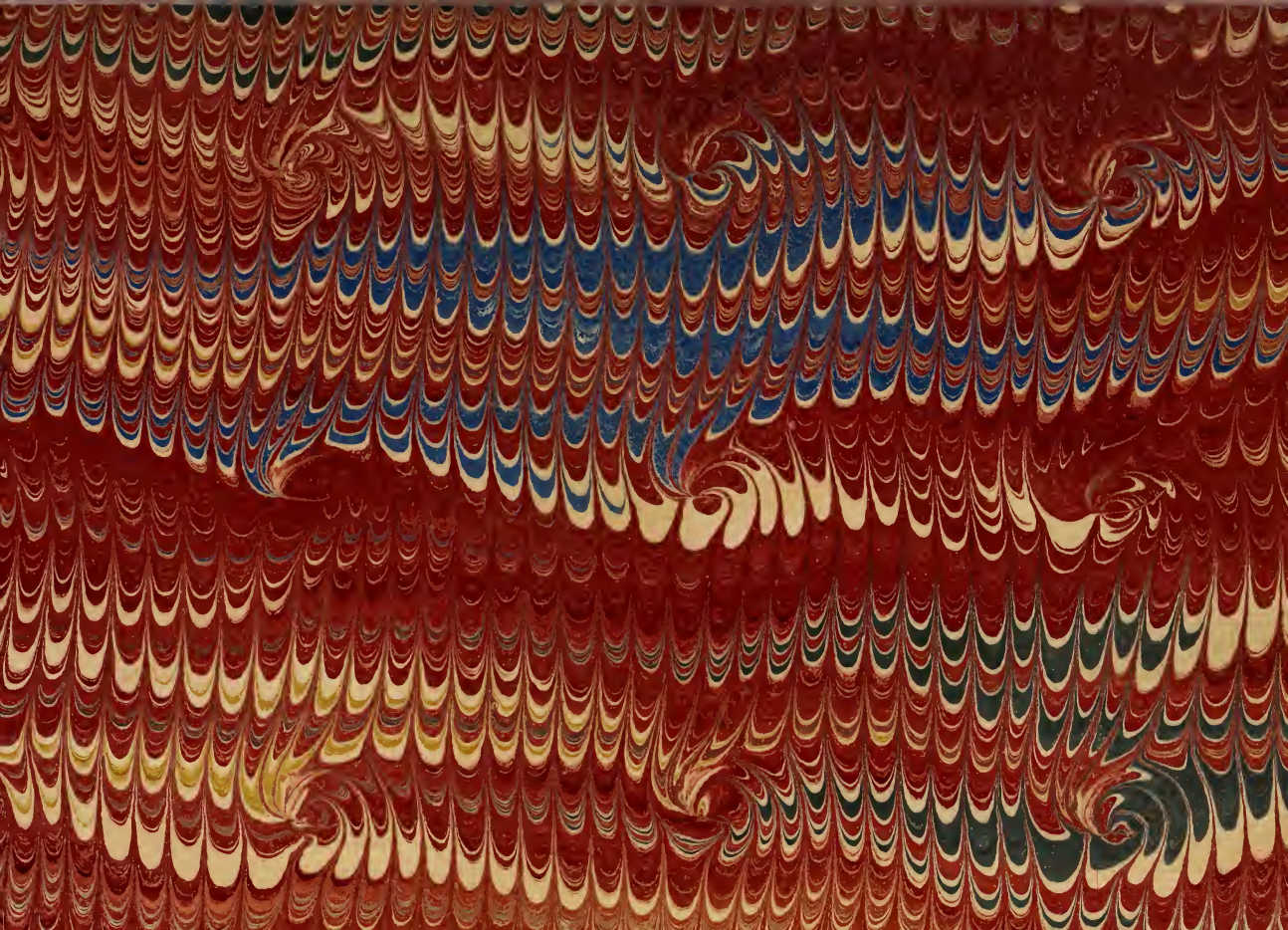
William Holgate.



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# AL FOOLES

A Comedy, Presented at the Black *Fryers, And lately before* his Maiestie.

Written by *George Chapman.*

AT LONDON,
*Printed for* Thomas Thorpe.
1 6 0 5.

## Actors.

Goſtanzo. } Knights.
Mar. Antonio. }
Valerio, ſonne to Goſtanzo.
Fortunio, elder ſonne to Marc. Antonio.
Rynaldo, the younger.
Dariotto. } Courtiers.
Claudio. }
Cornelio, A ſtart-vp Gentleman.
Curio, a Page.
Kyte, a Scriuener.
Fraunces Pock, a Surgeon.
Gazetta, wife to Cor:
Bellonora, daughter to Goſtanzo.
Gratiana Stolne wife to Valerio.

149. 714
May 1873

# *Prologus.*

*THe fortune of a Stage (like Fortunes ſelfe)*
*Amazeth greateſt iudgements: And none knowes*
*The hidden cauſes of thoſe ſtrange effects,*
*That riſe from this Hell, or fall from this Heauen:*
*Who can ſhew cauſe, why your wits, that in-ayme*
*At higher Obiects, ſcorne to compoſe Playes;*
*(Though we are ſure they could, would they vouchſafe it?)*
*Should (without meanes to make) iudge better farre,*
*Then thoſe that make, and yet yee ſee they can;*
*For without your applauſe, wretched is he*
*That vndertakes the Stage, and he's more bleſt,*
*That with your glorious fauours can conteſt.*
*Who can ſhew cauſe, why th'ancient Comick vaine*
*Of* Eupolis *and* Cratinus *(now reuiu'd,*
*Subiect to perſonall application)*
*Should be exploded by ſome bitter ſplenes?*
*Yet merely Comicall, and harmeleſſe ieſtes*
*(Though nere ſo witty) be eſteem'd but toyes,*
*If voide of th'other ſatyriſmes ſauce?*
*Who can ſhew cauſe why quick Venerian ieſtes,*
*Should ſometimes raiſh? ſometimes fall farre ſhort,*
*Of the iuſt length and pleaſure of your eares?*
*When our pure Dames, thinke them much leſſe obſcene,*

# Prologus.

*Then thoſe that winne your Panegyrick ſplene?*
*But our poore doomes (alas) you know are nothing;*
*To your inſpired cenſure, euer we*
*Muſt needs ſubmit, and there's the miſery.*
*Great are the gifts giuen to vnited heades,*
*To gifts, attyre, to faire attyre, the ſtage*
*Helps much, for if our other audience ſee*
*You on the ſtage depart before we end,*
*Our wits goe with you all, and we are fooles;*
*So Fortune gouernes in theſe ſtage euents,*
*That merit beares leaſt ſway in moſt contents.*
Auriculas Aſini quis non habet?
*How we ſhall then appeare, we muſt referre*
*To Magicke of your doomes, that neuer erre.*

# All Fooles.

## *Actus primi.* *Scæna prima.*

*Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.*

*Ryn.* CAn one selfe cause, in subiects so a like
As you two are, produce effects so vnlike?
One like the Turtle, all in mournefull straines,
Wailing his fortunes? Th'other like the Larke
Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerefull notes,
Chaunting his ioyes aspir'd, and both for loue:
In one, loue rayseth by his violent heate,
Moyst vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drowne his breast in dayly showers;
In th'other, his diuided power infuseth
Onely a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That giues life to those fruites of wit and vertue,
Which the vnkinde hand of an vnciuile father,
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossome.

*For.* O brother loue rewards our seruices
With a most partiall and iniurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes:
*Valerio* loues, and ioyes the dame he loues:
I loue, and neuer can enioy the sight
Of her I loue, so farre from conquering
In my desires assault, that I can come
To lay no battry to the Fort I seeke;
All passages to it, so strongly kept,
By straite guard of her Father.

*Ryn.* I dare sweare,
If iust desert in loue measur'd reward,
Your fortune should exceede *Valerios* farre:
For I am witnes (being your Bedfellow)
Both to the dayly and the nightly seruice,

You

You doe vnto the deity of loue,
In vowes, ſighes, teares, and ſolitary watches,
He neuer ſerues him with ſuch ſacrifice,
Yet hath his Bowe and ſhafts at his commaund:
Loues ſeruice is much like our humorous Lords;
Where Minions carry more then Seruitors,
The bolde and careleſſe ſeruant ſtill obtaines:
The modeſt and reſpectiue, nothing gaines;
You neuer ſee your loue, vnleſſe in dreames,
He, *Hymen* puts in whole poſſeſsion:
What different ſtarres raign'd when your loues were borne,
He forc't to weare the Willow, you the horne?
But brother, are you not aſham'd to make
Your ſelfe a ſlaue to the baſe Lord of loue,
Begot of Fancy, and of Beauty borne?
And what is Beauty? a meere Quinteſſence,
Whoſe life is not in being, but in ſeeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the ſame,
But like a couſoning picture, which one way
Shewes like a Crowe, another like a Swanne:
And vpon what ground is this Beauty drawne?
Vpon a Woman, a moſt brittle creature,
And would to God, (for my part) that were all.

*Fort.* But tell me brother, did you neuer loue?

*Ryn.* You know I did, and was belou'd againe,
And that of ſuch a Dame, as all men deem'd
Honour'd, and made me happy in her fauours,
Exceeding faire ſhe was not; and yet faire
In that ſhe neuer ſtudyed to be fayrer
Then Nature made her; Beauty coſt her nothing,
Her vertues were ſo rare, they would haue made
An *Æthyop* beautifull: At leaſt, ſo thought
By ſuch as ſtood aloofe, and did obſerue her
With credulous eyes: But what they were indeed
Ile ſpare to blaze, becauſe I lou'd her once,
Onely I found her ſuch, as for her ſake

I vow eternall warres againſt their whole ſexe,
Inconſtant ſhuttle-cocks,louing fooles,and iefters;
Men rich in durt,and tytles ſooner woone
With the moſt vile,then the moſt vertuous:
Found true to none: if one amongſt whole hundreds
Chance to be chaſte,ſhe is ſo proude withall,
Wayward and rude,that one of vnchaſte life,
Is oftentimes approu'd,a worthier wife:
Vndreſſed,ſluttiſh,naſty,to their husbands,
Spung'd vp,adorn'd,and painted to their louers:
All day in ceſſeleſſe vprore with their houſholdes,
If all the night their husbands haue not pleaſ'd them,
Like hounds, moſt kinde,being beaten and abuſ'd,
Like wolues, moſt cruell,being kindelyeſt vſ'd.

*For*. Fye,thou prophan'ſt the deity of their ſexe.

*Ry*. Brother I read,that *Ægipt* heretofore,
Had Temples of the riches frame on earth;
Much like this goodly edifice of women,
With Alablaſter pillers were thoſe Temples,
Vphelde and beautified,and ſo are women:
Moſt curiouſly glaz'd,and ſo are women;
Cunningly painted too,and ſo are women;
In out-ſide wondrous heauenly,ſo are women:
But when a ſtranger view'd thoſe phanes within,
In ſtead of Gods and Goddeſſes,he ſhould finde
A painted fowle,a fury, or a ſerpent,
And ſuch celeſtiall inner parts haue women.

*Val. Rynaldo*,the poore Foxe that loſt his tayle,
Perſwaded others alſo to looſe theirs:
Thy ſelfe, for one perhaps that for deſert
Or ſome defect in thy attempts refuſ'd thee,
Reuil'ſt the whole ſexe,beauty,loue and all:
I tell thee,Loue, is Natures ſecond ſonne,
Cauſing a ſpring of vertues where he ſhines,
And as without the Sunne, the Worlds great eye,
All colours,beauties,both of Arte and Nature,

Are giuen in vaine to men, ſo without loue
All beauties bred in women are in vaine;
All vertues borne in men lye buried,
For loue informes them as the Sunne doth colours,
And as the Sunne reflecting his warme beames
Againſt the earth, begets all fruites and flowers:
So loue, fayre ſhining in the inward man,
Brings foorth in him the honourable fruites
Of valour, wit, vertue, and haughty thoughts,
Braue reſolution, and diuine diſcourſe:
O tis the Paradice, the heauen of earth,
And didſt thou know the comfort of two hearts,
In one delicious harmony vnited?
As to ioy one ioy, and thinke both one thought,
Liue both one life, and therein double life:
To ſee their ſoules met at an enter-view
In their bright eyes, at parle in their lippes,
Their language kiſſes: And t'obſerue the reſt,
Touches, embraces, and each circumſtance
Of all loues moſt vnmatched ceremonies:
Thou wouldſt abhorre thy tongue for blaſphemy,
O who can comprehend how ſweet loue taſtes,
But he that hath been preſent at his feaſtes?

*Ryn.* Are you in that vaine too *Valerio*?
Twere fitter you ſhould be about your charge,
How Plow and Cart goes forward: I haue knowne
Your ioyes were all imployde in husbandry,
Your ſtudy was how many loades of hay
A meadow of ſo many acres yeelded;
How many Oxen ſuch a cloſe would fat?
And is your rurall ſeruice now conuerted
From *Pan* to *Cupid*? and from beaſtes to women?
O if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter caſtigation he would read you?

*Val.* My father? why my father? does he thinke
To rob me of my ſelfe? I hope I know

I am a Gentleman, though his couetous humour
And education hath transform'd me Bayly,
And made me ouerseer of his pastures,
Ile be my selfe, in spight of husbandry.

*Enter Gratiana.*

And see bright heauen here comes my husbandry, *Amplecti-*
Here shall my cattle graze, here *Nectar* drinke, *tur eam.*
Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure,
O poore *Fortunio*, how wouldst thou tryumph,
If thou enioy'dst this happines with my Sister?

*For.* I were in heauen if once twere come to that.

*Ryn.* And me thinkes tis my heauen that I am past it,
And should the wretched Macheuilian,
The couetous knight your father see this sight
Lusty *Valerio*?

*Val.* Sfoote Sir if he should,
He shall perceiue ere long my skill extends
To something more, then sweaty husbandry.

*Ryn.* Ile beare thee witnes, thou canst skill of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dauncing, and what not?
And this is something more then husbandry:
Th'art knowne in Ordinaries, and *Tabacco* shops,
Trusted in Tauernes and in vaulting houses,
And this is something more then husbandry:
Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
For the most tame and thriftie Groome in *Europe*.

*For.* Well, he hath venter'd on a mariage
Would quite vndoe him, did his father know it?

*Ryn.* Know it? alas Sir where can he bestow
This poore Gentlewoman he hath made his wife,
But his inquisitiue father will heare of it?
Who, like the dragon to th'esperean fruite,
Is to his haunts? flight hence, the olde knight comes.

*Gost. Rynaldo.* *Intrat Gostanzo.*

*Ry.* Whose that calles? what Sir *Gostanzo*? *Omnes aufugiunt.*
How fares your Knighthood Sir?

*Goſt.* Say who was that
Shrunke at my entry here? was't not your brother?
*Ryn.* He ſhrunke not ſir, his buſines call'd him hence.
*Goſt.* And was it not my ſonne that went out with him?
*Ryn.* I ſaw not him, I was in ſerious ſpeech
About a ſecret buſines with my brother.
*Goſt.* Sure twas my ſonne, what made he here? I ſent him
About affaires to be diſpacht in haſt.
*Ryn.* Well ſir, leſt ſilence breed vniuſt ſuſpect,
Ile tell a ſecret I am ſworne to keep,
And craue your honoured aſſiſtance in it.
*Goſt.* What iſt *Rynaldo?*
*Ryn.* This ſir, twas your ſonne.
*Goſt.* And what yong gentlewoman grac'ſt their company?
*Ryn.* Thereon depends the ſecret I muſt vtter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother maryed.
*Goſt.* Maryed? what is ſhe?
*Ryn.* Faith ſir, a gentlewoman:
But her vnuſering dowry muſt be tolde
Out of her beauty.
*Goſt.* Is it true *Rynaldo?*
And does your father vnderſtand ſo much?
*Ryn.* That was the motion ſir, I was entreating
Your ſonne to make to him, becauſe I know
He is well ſpoken, and may much preuaile
In ſatiſfying my father, who much loues him,
Both for his wiſedome and his husbandry.
*Goſt.* Indeede he's one can tell his tale I tell you,
And for his husbandry.
*Ryn.* O ſir, had you heard,
What thrifty diſcipline he gaue my brother,
For making choyce without my fathers knowledge,
And without riches, you would haue admyr'd him.
*Goſt.* Nay, nay, I know him well, but what was it?
*Ryn.* That in the choyce of wiues men muſt reſpect
The chiefe wife, riches, that in euery courſe

A mans chiefe Load-ſtarre ſhould ſhine out of riches,
Loue nothing hartely in this world but riches;
Caſt off all friends, all ſtudies, all delights,
All honeſty, and religion for riches:
And many ſuch, which wiſedome ſure he learn'd
Of his experient father; yet my brother,
So ſoothes his raſh affection, and preſumes
So highly on my fathers gentle nature,
That he's reſolu'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

*Goſt.* And like enough.
Your ſilly father too, will put it vp,
An honeſt knight, but much too much indulgent
To his preſuming children.

*Ryn.* What a difference
Doth interpoſe it ſelfe, twixt him and you?
Had your ſonne vſ'd you thus?

*Goſt.* My ſonne? alas
I hope to bring him vp in other faſhion,
Follows my husbandry, ſets early foote
Into the world; he comes not at the citty,
Nor knowes the citty Artes.

*Ryn.* But dice and wenching. *Auerſus.*

*Goſt.* Acquaints himſelfe with no delight but getting,
A perfect patterne of ſobriety,
Temperance and husbandry to all my houſholde,
And what's his company I pray? not wenches. (breath

*Ryn.* Wenches? I durſt beſworne he neuer ſmelt a wenches
Yet, but me thinkes twere fit you ſought him out a wife.

*Goſt.* A wife *Rynaldo*?
He dares not lookee a woman in the face.

*Ryn.* Sfoote holde him to one, your ſonne ſuch a ſheep?

*Goſt.* Tis ſtrange in earneſt.

*Ryn.* Well ſir, though for my thriftleſſe brothers ſake,
I little care how my wrong'd father takes it,
Yet for my fathers quiet, if your ſelfe

Would ioyne hands with your wife and toward Sonne,
I should deserue it some way.
*Gost.* Good *Rynaldo*,
I loue you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deale in: And tis needlesse,
You say your brother is resolu'd, presuming
Your father will allow it. *Enter Marcantonio.*
*Ryn.* See my father, since you are resolute not to moue him
In any case conceale the secret *Abscondit se.* (Sir,
By way of an attonement let me pray you will.
*Gost.* Vpon mine honour.
*Ryn.* Thankes Sir.
*Mar.* God saue thee honourable Knight *Gostanzo*.
*Gost.* Friend *Marc, Antonio*? welcome, and I thinke
I haue good newes to welcome you withall.
*Ryn.* He cannot holde.
*Mar.* What newes I pray you Sir?
*Gost.* You haue a forward, valiant eldest Sonne,
But wherein is his forwardnes, and valour?
*Mar.* I know not wherein you intend him so.
*Gost.* Forward before, valiant behinde, his duety,
That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.
*Mar.* A wife sir? what is she?
*Gost.* One that is rich enough, her hayre pure Amber,
Her forehead mother of pearle, her faire eyes
Two wealthy diamants: her lips, mines of Rubies:
Her teeth, are orient pearle; her necke, pure Iuory.
*Mar.* Iest not good Sir, in an affayre so serious,
I loue my sonne, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in mariage:
Tis to be fear'd that his presumption buildes not
Of his good choyce, that will beare out it selfe,
And being bad, the newes is worse then bad.
*Gost.* What call you bad? is it bad to be poore?
*Mar.* The world accounts it so; but if my sonne

Haue

Haue in her birth and vertues helde his choice,
Without diſparagement, the fault is leſſe.
*Goſt.* Sits the winde there? blowes there ſo calme a gale
From a contemned and deſerued anger?
Are you ſo eaſie to be diſobay'd?
*Mar.* What ſhould I doe? if my enamour'd ſonne
Haue been ſo forward; I aſſure my ſelfe
He did it more to ſatiſfie his loue,
Then to incenſe my hate, or to neglect me.
*Goſt.* A paſſing kinde conſtruction; ſuffer this,
You ope him doores to any villany,
He'le dare to ſell, to pawne, runne euer ryot,
Deſpiſe your loue in all, and laugh at you:
And that knights competency you haue gotten
With care and labour; he with luſt and idleneſſe
Will bring into the ſtypend of a begger;
All to maintaine a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more then ſhe brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back:
By heauen I pitty your declining ſtate,
For be aſſur'd your ſonne hath ſet his foote,
In the right path-way to conſumption:
Vp to the heart in loue; and for that loue,
Nothing can be too deare his loue deſires:
And how inſatiate and vnlymited,
Is the ambition and the beggerly pride
Of a dame hoyſed from a beggers ſtate,
To a ſtate competent and plentifull,
You cannot be ſo ſimple not to know.
*Mar.* I muſt confeſſe the miſchiefe: But alas
Where is in me the power of remedy?
*Goſt.* Where? in your iuſt diſpleaſure: caſt him off,
Receiue him not, let him endure the vſe
Of their enforced kindneſſe that muſt truſt him
For meate and money, for apparrell, houſe,
And euery thing belongs to that eſtate,

Which

Which he muſt learne with want of miſery,
Since pleaſure and a full eſtate hath blinded
His diſſolute deſires.

*Mar.* What ſhould I doe?
If I ſhould baniſh him my houſe and ſight,
What deſperate reſolution might it breed?
To runne into the warres, and there to liue
In want of competencie and perhaps
Taſte th'vnrecouerable loſſe of his chiefe limbes,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his ſpirit, ranſome his eſtate
From any loſſe his mariage can procure.

*Goſt.* Iſt true? Ne let him runne into the warre,
And loſe what limbes he can: better one branch
Be lopt away, then all the whole tree ſhould periſh:
And for his wants, better young want then olde,
You haue a younger ſonne at *Padoa*,
I like his learning well, make him your heire,
And let your other walke: let him buy wit
Att's owne charge, not at's fathers, if you looſe him,
You looſe no more then that was loſt before,
If you recouer him, you finde a ſonne.

*Mar.* I cannot part with him.

*Goſt.* If it be ſo, and that your loue to him be ſo extreame,
In needfull daungers, euer chuſe the leaſt:
If he ſhould be in minde to paſſe the Seas,
Your ſonne *Rynaldo* (who tolde me all this)
Will tell me that, and ſo we ſhall preuent it:
If by no ſterne courſe you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his faire wife:
And if you chaunce to ſee him, ſhake him vp,
As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may feare hereafter to offend
In other diſſolute courſes: At my houſe
With my aduice and my ſonnes good example,
Who ſhall ſerue as a glaſſe for him to ſee

His

His faults, and mend them to his president:
I make no doubt but of a dissolut Sonne
And disobedient, to send him home
Both dutifull and thriftie,
*Mar.* O *Gostanzo!*
Could you do this, you should preserue your selfe,
A perfect friend of mee, and mee a Sonne.
*Gost.* Remember you your part, and feare not mine:
Rate him, reuile him, and renounce him too:
Speake, can you doo't man?
*Mar.* Ile do all I can. *Exit Mar.*
*Gost.* Ahlas good man, how Nature ouer-wayes him.
*Rynaldo comes forth.*
*Ryn.* God saue you Sir.
*Gost. Rynaldo*, All the Newes
You told mee as a secret, I perceiue
Is passing common; for your Father knowes it,
The first thing he related, was the Marriage.
*Ryn.* And was extreamly moou'd?
*Gost.* Beyond all measure:
But I did all I could to quench his furie:
Told him how easie t'was for a young man
To runne that Amorous course; and though his choyce
Were nothing rich, yet shee was gentlie borne,
Well quallified and beautifull: But hee still
Was quite relentles, and would needes renounce him.
*Ryn.* My Brother knowes it well, and is resolud
To trayle a Pyke in Field, rather then bide
The more feard push of my vext Fathers furie.
*Gost.* Indeed that's one way: but are no more meanes
Left to his fine wits, then t'incence his Father
With a more violent rage, and to redeeme
A great offence with greater?
*Ryn.* So I told him:
But to a desperat minde all breath is lost,
*Gost.* Go to, let him be wise, and vse his friendes,

Amongſt whom, Ile be formoſt to his Father:
Without this deſperate errour he intends
Ioynd to the other; Ile not doubt to make him
Eaſie returne into his Fathers fauour:
So he ſubmit himſelfe, as duetie bindes him.
For Fathers will be knowne to be them ſelues,
And often when their angers are not deepe,
Will paint an outward Rage vpon their lookes.

*Rin.* All this I told him Sir; but what ſayes hee?
I know my Father will not be reclaymde,
Heele thinke that if he wincke at this offence,
T'will open doores to any villanie:
Ile dare to ſell to pawne, and run all ryot,
To laugh at all his patience; and conſume
All he hath purchaſt to an honord purpoſe,
In maintenance of a wenton Whirligigg,
Worth nothing more then ſhe weares on her backe.

*Goſt.* The very words I vſd t'incenſe his Father,
But good *Rinoldo* let him be aduiſde:
How would his Father grieue, ſhould he be maynd,
Or quite miſcarie in the ruthles warre?

*Rin.* I told him ſo; but better farr (ſayd hee)
One branch ſhould vtterly be lopt away,
Then the whole Tree of all his race ſhould periſh:
And for his wants, better yong want, then eld.

*Goſt.* By heauen the ſame words ſtill I vſde t'his Father.
Why comes this about? Well, good *Rinaldo*,
If hee dare not indure his Fathers lookes,
Let him and his faire wife come home to me,
Till I haue quallified his Fathers paſsion,
He ſhall be kindly welcome, and be ſure
Of all the interceſsion I can vſe.

*Rin.* I thanke you ſir, Ile try what I can doe,
Although I feare me I ſhall ſtriue in vaine.

*Goſt.* Well, try him, try him. *Exit.*

*Rin.* Thanks ſir, ſo I will.

See, this olde politique dissembling Knight,
Now he perceiues my Father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter liue
By him and his, with equall vse of either,
He will put on a face of hollowe friendshp.
But this will proue an excellent ground to sowe
The seede of mirth amongst vs; Ile go seeke
*Valerio* and my brother, and tell them
Such newes of their affaires, as they'le admire.
*Exit.*

*Enter Gazetta, Bellonora, Gratiana.*

*Gaze.* How happie are your fortunes aboue mine?
Both still being woode and courted: still so feeding
On the delightes of loue, that still you finde
An appetite to more: where I am cloyde,
And being bound to loue sportes, care not for them.
*Bell.* That is your fault *Gazetta*, we haue Loues
And wish continuall company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enioy.
But seld or neuer can we get a looke
Of those we loue, *Fortunio* my deare choyce
Dare not be knowne to loue me, nor come neere
My Fathers house, where I as in a prison
Consume my lost dayes, and the tedious nights,
My Father guarding me for one I hate
And *Gratiana* here my brothers loue,
Ioyes him by so much stelth, that vehement feare
Drinkes vp the sweetnesse of their stolne delightes:
Where you enioye a husband, and may freely
Performe all obsequies you desire to loue.
*Gaze.* Indeede I haue a husband, and his loue
Is more then I desire, being vainely iclouse:
Extreames, though contrarie, haue the like effects,
Extreames heate mortifies like extreame colde:

Extreame loue breedes facietie as well
As extreame Hatred: and too violent rigour,
Tempts Chaſtetie as much, as too much Licence:
There's no mans eye fixt on mee but doth pierce
My Husbandes ſoule: If any aske my wel-fare?
Hee ſtraight doubts Treaſon practis'd to his bed:
Fancies but to himſelfe all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and layes all on mee
For certaine trueths; yet ſeekes he with his beſt,
To put Diſguiſe on all his Ielouſie,
Fearing perhaps, leaſt it may teach me that,
Which otherwiſe I ſhould not dreame vpon:
Yet liues he ſtill abrode, at great expence,
Turns merely Gallant from his Farmers ſtate,
Vſes all Games and recreations:
Runnes Races with the Gallants of the Court,
Feaſtes them at home, and entertaines them coſtly,
And then vpbraydes mee with their companie:

*Enter Cornelia.*

See ſee wee, wee ſhalbe troubl'd with him now.

*Cor.* Now Ladyes, what plots haue we now in hand?
They ſay, when onely one Dame is alone,
Shee plots ſome miſchiefe; but if three together,
They plot three hundred: Wife, the Ayre is ſharpe,
Y'ad beſt to take the houſe leaſt you take cold.

*Gaz.* Ahlas this time of yeere yeeldes no ſuch danger,

*Cor.* Goe, in I ſay; a friend of yours attends you.

*Gaz.* Hee is of your bringing, and may ſtay.

*Cor.* Nay ſtand not chopping Logicke; in I pray.

*Gaz.* Yee ſee, Gentle women, what my happines is,
Theſe humors raigne in mariage; humors, humors. } *Exit, he*
*Gra.* Now by my Sooth I am no fortune teller, } *followeth.*
And would be loth to prooue ſo; yet pronounce
This at aduenture, that t'were indecorum
This Heffer ſhould want hornes.

*Bell.* Fie on this Loue,

Ira-

I rather wish to want, then purchase so.

*Gra.* In deede such Loue is like a Smokie fire
In a cold morning; though the Fire be cheerefull,
Yet is the Smoke so sowre and combersome,
T'were better lose the Fire, then finde the Smoke:
Such an attendant then as Smoke to Fire,
Is Ielosie to Loue: Better want both,
Then haue both.

*Enter Valerio and Fortunio.*

*Val.* Come *Fortunio*, now take hold
On this occasion, as my selfe on this:
One couple more would make a Barly-breake.

*For.* I feare *Valerio*, wee shall breake too soone,
Your Fathers Ielosie Spy-all, will displease vs.

*Val.* Well Wench, the daye will come his Argus eyes
Will shut and thou shalt open: Sfoote, I thinke
Dame *Natures* memorie begins to fayle her:
If I write but my Name in Mercers Bookes,
I am as sure to haue at sixe months end
A Ratcole at my elbow with his Mace,
As I am sure my Fathers not farre hence:
My Father yet hath ought *Dame Nature* debt
These threescore yeeres and ten, yet cals not on him:
But if shee turne her Debt-booke ouer once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her Sergeant *Iohn Death* to arrest his body,
Our Soules shall rest Wench then, And the free Light
Shall triumph in our faces; where now Night,
In imitation of my Fathers frownes,
Lowres at our meeting:

*Enter Rinald.*

See where the Scholler comes.

*Rin.* Downe on your knees; poore louers reuerence learning

*For.* I pray thee why *Rinaldo*?

*Rin.* Marke what cause

Flowes from my depth of knowledge to your loues,
To make you kneele and bleſſe me while you liue.
*Val.* I pray thee good Scholards giue vs cauſe.
*Rin.* Marke then, erect your eares: you know what horror
Would flye on your loue from your fathers frownes,
If he ſhould know it. And your ſiſter here,
(My brothers ſweete hart) knowes aſwell what rage
Would ſeaſe his powers for her, if he ſhould knowe
My brother woo'd her, or that ſhe lou'd him,
Is not this true? ſpeake all.
*Omn.* All this is true.
*Rin.* It is as true that now you meete by ſtelth
In depth of midnight, kiſsing out at grates,
Clime ouer walles. And all this Ile reforme.
*Vale.* By Logicke.
*Rin.* Well ſir, you ſhall haue all meanes
To liue in one houſe, eate and drinke together,
Meete and kiſſe your fils.
*Val.* All this by learning?
*Rin.* I, and your frowning father know all this.
*Val.* I marry, ſmall learning may proue that.
*Rin.* Nay he ſhall know it, and deſire it too,
Welcome my Brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this ſtrange?
*For.* I too ſtrange to be true.
*Rin.* Tis in this head ſhall worke it: Therefore heare;
Brother this Lady you muſt call your wife,
For I haue tolde her ſweet harts Father here
That ſhe is your wife; and becauſe my Father
(Who now beleeues it) muſt be quieted
Before you ſee him, you muſt liue a while
As husband to her, in his Fathers houſe.
*Valerio* here's a ſimple meane for you
To lye at racke and manger with your wedlocke
And brother, for your ſelfe to meete as freely

With

With this your long desir'd and barred loue.
*For.* You make vs wonder.
*Rin.* Peace, be ruld by mee,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
Ile bring this rude Plott, which blind Chaunce (the Ape
Of Counsaile and aduice) hath brought foorth blind.
*Valerio*, can your heat of loue forbeare
Before your Father, and allow my Brother
To vse some kindnes to your wife before him?
*Val.* I before him, I do not greatlie care,
Nor anie where in deed; my Sister heere
Shall be my spie: if shee will wrong her selfe,
And giue her right to my wife, I am pleasd.
*For.* My dearest life I know, will neuer feare
Anie such will or thought in all my powers:
When I court her then, thinke I thinke tis thee:
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine Armes:
Come, let vs practise gainst wee see your Father.
*Val.* Soft Sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let mee take this time.
*Rin.* Come, you must not touch her.
*Val.* No not before my Father?
*Rin.* No nor now,
Because you are so soone to practise it;
For I must bring them to him presentlie.
Take her *Fortunio*; goe, hence man and wife,
Wee will attend you rarely with fixt faces.
*Valerio* keepe your countenaunce, and conseaue
Your Father in your forged sheepishnes,
Who thinks thou dar'st not looke vpon a Wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kisse her.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Prima.*

## Actus secundi, Scæna prima.

*Gostanzo, Marcantonio.*

*Gost.* It is your owne too simple lenitie,
And doting indulgence showne to him still
That thus hath taught your Sonne to be no Sonne,
As you haue vs'd him, therefore so you haue him:
Durst my Sonne thus turne rebell to his dutie,
Steale vp a match vnshuting his estate
Without all knowledge of or friend or father;
And to make that good with a worse offence.
Adsolue to runne beyond Sea to the warres,
Durst my Sonne serue me thus? well, I haue slayd him,
Though much against my disposition,
And this howre I haue set for his repayre,
With his young mistresse and concealed wife,
And in my house here they shall soiourne both
Till your blacke angers storme be ouer-blowne.

*Mar.* My angers storme? Ah poore *Fortunio*,
One gentle word from thee would soone resolue
The storme of my rage to a showre of teares.

*Gost.* In that vaine still? well *Marcantonio*,
Our olde acquaintance and long neighbourhood
Ties my affection to you, and the good
Of your whole house; in kinde regard whereof
I haue aduisde you for your credite sake,
And for the tender welfare of your sonne,
To frowne on him a little; if you do not
But at first parle take him to your fauour,
I protest vtterly to renownce all care
Of you and yours, and all your amities.
They say hee's wretched that out of himselfe
Cannot draw counsell to his propper veale,
But hee's thrice wretched that has neither counsell
Within himselfe, nor apprehension

Of

Of counsaile for his owne good, from another.
*Mar.* Well, I will arme my selfe against this weaknes
The best I can; I long to see this *Hellene*
That hath enchaunted my young *Paris* thus,
And's like to set all our poore *Troye* on fire.

*Enter Valerio with a Page.*
*Marc. retyres himselfe.*

*Gost.* Here comes my Sonne; withdraw, take vp your stand,
You shall heare odds betwixt your Sonne and mine,
*Val.* Tell him I can not doo't: Shall I be made
A foolish Nouice, my Purse set a broch
By euerie cheating come you seauen? to lend
My Money and be laught at? tell him plaine
I professe Husbandrie, and will not play
The Prodigall like him, gainst my profession.
*Gost.* Here's a Sonne.
*Mar.* An admirable sparke.
*Page.* Well sir, Ile tell him so. *Exit Page.*
*Val.* Sfoote, let him lead
A better Husbands life, and liue not idlely,
Spending his time, his coyne, and selfe on Wenches.
*Gost.* Why what's the matter Sonne?
*Val.* Cry mercie Sir; why there comes messengers
From this and that braue Gallant: and such Gallants,
As I protest I saw but through a Grate.
*Gost.* And what's this Message?
*Val.* Faith Sir, hee's disappoynted
Of payments; and disfurnisht of meanes present:
If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seuen-night with the keeping
Of fourtie Crownes for mee, hee deepely sweares
As hee's a Gentleman, to discharge his trust,
And that I shall eternally endeare him
To my wisht seruice, he protestes and contestes.

*Goſt.* Good words *Valerio*; but thou art too wiſe
To be deceiu'd by breath: Ile turne thee looſe
To the moſt cunning Cheater of them all.
*Val.* Sfoote, Hee's not aſhamde beſides to charge mee
With a late Promiſe: I muſt yeeld in deed,
I did (to ſhift him with ſome contentment)
Make ſuch a friuall promiſe.
*Goſt.* I, well done,
Promiſes are no Fetters: with that tongue
Thy promiſe paſt, vnpromiſe it againe.
Wherefore has Man a Tongue, of powre to ſpeake,
But to ſpeake ſtill to his owne priuate purpoſe?
Beaſtes vtter but one ſounds but Men haue change
Of ſpeach and Reaſon, euen by Nature giuen them:
Now to ſay one thing, and an other now,
As beſt may ſerue their profitable endes.
*Mar.* Bor-Ladie ſound inſtructions to a Sonne.
*Val.* Nay Sir, he makes his claime by debt of friendſhip.
*Goſt.* Tuſh, Friendſhip's but a Terme boy: the fond world
Like to a doting Mother glaſes ouer
Her Childrens imperfections with fine tearmes:
What ſhe calls Frindſhip and true humane kindnes,
Is onely want of true Experience:
Honeſtie is but a defect of Witt,
Reſpect but meere Ruſticitie and Clownerie.
*Mar.* Better and better.
Soft, here comes my Sonne.

*Enter Fortunio, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.*

*Rin. Fortunio*, keepe your countenance: See ſir here
The poore young married couple, which you pleaſd
To ſend for to your houſe.
*Goſt. Fortunio* welcome,
And in that welcome I imploy your wiues,
Who I am ſure you count your ſecond ſelfe. *He kiſſes her.*

*For.* Sir

*For.* Sir, your right noble fauours do exceede
All powre of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supplie my Fathers place.
*Gost. Fortunio*, I can not chuse but loue you,
Being Sonne to him who long time I haue lou'd:
From whose iust anger, my house shall protect you,
Till I haue made a calme way to your meetings.
*For.* I little thought Sir, that my Fathers loue
Would take so ill, so sleight a fault as this.
*Gost.* Call you it sleight? Nay though his spirit take it
In higher manner then for your lou'd sake,
I would haue wisht him; yet I make a doubt,
Had my Sonne done the like, if my affection
Would not haue turnd to more spleene, then your Fathers:
And yet I qualifie him, all I can,
And doubt not but that time and my perswasion,
Will worke out your excuse: since youth and loue
Were th'vnresisted organies to seduce you:
But you must giue him leaue, for Fathers must
Be wonne by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.
*For.* Ahlas Sir, what aduise you mee to doe?
I know my Father to be highly moou'd,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his expreest displeasure, whose hote flames
I thinke my absence soonest would haue quencht.
*Gost.* True Sir, as fire with oyle, or elle like them
That quench the fire with pulling downe the house,
You shall remaine here in my house conceal'd
Till I haue wonne your Father to conceiue
Kinder opinion of your ouersight.
*Valerio* entertaine *Fortunio*
And his faire wife, and giue them conduct in.
*Val.* Y'are welcome sir.
*Gost.* What sirha is that all?
No entertainment to the Gentlewoman?

*Val.* Forſooth y'are welcome by my Fathers leaue.
*Goſt.* What no more complement?
Kiſſe her you ſheepes-head,
Why when? Go go Sir, call your Siſter hither. *Exit Val.*
Ladie, youle pardon our groſſe bringing vp?
Wee dwell farre off from Court you may perceiue:
The ſight of ſuch a blazing Starre as you,
Dazles my rude Sonnes witts.
*Grat.* Not ſo good Sir,
The better husband, the more courtlie euer.
*Rin.* In deed a Courtier makes his lipps go farre,
As he doth all things elſe,

*Enter Valerio, Bell.*

*Goſt.* Daughter reciue
This Gentlewoman home, and vſe her kindly. *She kiſſes her*
*Bell.* My Father bids you kindly welcome Lady,
And therefore you muſt needes come well to mee.
*Grat.* Thanke you for-ſoth.
*Goſt.* Goe Dame, conduct-am in.
*Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell. Grat.*
Ah errant Sheepes-head, haſt thou liu'd thus long,
And dar'ſt not looke a Woman in the face?
Though I deſire eſpecially to ſee
My Sonne a Husband, Shall I therefore haue him
Turne abſolute Cullion? Lets ſee, kiſſe thy hand.
Thou kiſſe thy hand? thou wip'ſt thy mouth by th'maſſe.
Fie on thee Clowne; They ſay the world's growne finer,
But I for my part, neuer ſaw Youngmen
Worſe faſhin'd and brought vp then now adayes.
Sfoote, when my ſelfe was young, was not I kept
As farre from Court as you? I thinke I was:
And yet my Father on a time inuited
The Dutcheſſe of his houſe; I beeing then
About ſome fiue and twentie yeares of age,

VVas

Was thought the onelie man to entertaine her:
I had my Conge; plant my selfe of one legg,
Draw backe the tother with a deepe fetcht honor:
Then with a Bell regard aduant mine eye
With boldnes on her verie visnomie.
Your Dauncers all were counterfets to mee:
And for discourse in my faire Mistresse presence,
I did not as you barraine Gallants doe,
Fill my discourses vp drinking *Tobacco*;
But on the present furnisht euer more
With tales and practisde speeches; as some times
What ist a clocke? What stuff's this Petticoate?
What cost the making? What the Frindge and all?
And what she had vnder her Petticoate?
And such like wittie complements: and for need,
I could haue written as good Prose and Verse,
As the most beggerlie Poet of am all,
Either accrostique, *Exordion*,
*Epithalamious, Satyres, Epigrams,*
*Sonnets in Dozens, or your Quatorzanies,*
*In any Rime Masculine, Feminine,*
*Or Sdrucciolla, or coopiets*, Blancke Verse,
Y'are but bench-whistlers now a dayes to them
That were in our times · well, about your Husbandrie,
Go, for I'fayth th'art fit for nothing else. *Exit Valprodit Mar.*
*Mar.* Ber-Ladie you haue plaide the Courtier rarelie.
*Gost.* But did you euer see so blanck a Foole,
When he should kisse a Wench, as my Sonne is?
*Mar.* Ahlas tis but a little bashfulnes,
You let him keepe no companie, nor allow him
Monie to spend at Fence and Dauncing-scholes,
Y'are too seuere y'faith.
*Gost.* And you too supple,
VVell Sir, for your sake I haue staide your Sonne
From flying to the warres; now see you rate him,
To staie him yet from more expensefull courses,

Wherein your lenitie will encourage him.

*Mar.* Let me alone, I thank you for this kindnes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.*

*Rin.* So, are they gone? Now tell me braue *Valerio*
Haue I not wonne the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t'enioy the most desired presence
Of thy deare loue at home? and with one labour
My brother t'enioy thy sister, where
It had beene her vndooing t'haue him seene,
And make thy father craue what he abhorres:
T'entreate my brother home t'enioy his daughter,
Commaund thee kisse thy wench, chide for not kissing,
And worke all this out of a Macheuil,
A miserable Politician?
I thinke the like was neuer plaid before!

*Vale.* Indeede I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserues most praise
Of thine, or my wit: thine for plotting well,
Mine, that durst vndertake and carrie it
With such true forme.

*Rin.* Well, th'euening crownes the daie,
Perseuer to the end, my wit hath put
Blinde Fortunne in a string into your hand,
Vse it discreetlie, keepe it from your Father,
Or you may bid all your good daies good night.

*Val.* Let me alone boy.

*Rin.* Well sir, now to varie
The pleasures of our wits, thou knowst *Valerio*
Here is the new turnd Gentlemans faire wife,
That keepes thy wife and sister companie;
With whome the amorous Courtier *Dorinto*
Is farre in loue, and of whome her sowre husband
Is passing ielous, puts on Eagles eies
To prie into her carriage. Shall wee see.

If

If he be now from home, and visite her.

*Enter Gazetta sowing, Cornelio following.*

See, see, the prisoner comes.

*Val.* But soft Sir, see
Her ielous Iaylor followes at her heeles:
Come, we will watch some fitter time to boord her,
And in the meane time seeke out our mad crue,
My spirit longs to swagger.

*Rin.* Goe too youth, walke not too boldly, if the Sergeants meete you;
You may haue swaggering worke your bellie full.

*Val.* No better Copesmates,

*Gazetto sits and singes sowing.*

Ile go seeke am out with this light in my hand,
The slaues grow proud with seeking out of vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* A prettie worke, I pray what flowers are these?

*Gaze.* The Pancie this,

*Cor.* O thats for louers thoughtes.
Whats that, a Columbine?

*Gaze.* No, that thankles Flower fitts not my Garden.

*Cor.* Him? yet it may mine:
This were a pretrie present for some friend,
Some gallant Courtier, as for *Doriotto*,
One that adores you in his soule I know.

*Gaz.* Mee? why mee more then your selfe I pray?

*Cor.* O yes, hee adores you, and adhornes meet
Yfaith deale plainelie, Doe not his kisses relish
Much better then such Pessants as I am?

*Gaz.* Whose kisses?

*Cor.* *Doriottoes*; does he not?
The thing you wot on?

*Gaz.* What

*Gaz.* What thing good Lord?
*Cor.* Why Lady, lie with you?
*Gaz.* Lie with mee?
*Cor.* I with you.
*Gaz.* You with mee indeed.
*Cor.* Nay I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the onely Whore-maister
About the Cittie.
*Gaz.* Yf he be so onely,
Tis a good hearing that there are no more.
*Cor.* Well Mistresse well, I will not be abusde,
Thinke not you daunce in Netts; for though you do not
Make brode profession of your loue to him,
Yet do I vnderstand your darkest language,
Your treads ath'toe, your secret iogges and wringes:
Your entercourse of glaunces: euery tittle
Of your close Amorous rites I vnderstand,
They speake as loud to mee, as if you said,
My deareſt *Dariotto*, I am thine.
*Gaz.* Iesus what moodes are these? did euer Husband
Follow his Wife with Ielosie so vniust?
That once I lou'd you, you your selfe will sweare.
And if I did, where did you lose my Loue?
In deed this strange and vndeserued vsage,
Hath powre to shake a heart were nere so setled:
But I protest all your vnkindnes, neuer
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in thought.
*Cor.* No, not with *Doriotto*?
*Gaz.* No by heauen.
*Cor.* No Letters past, nor no designes for meeting?
*Gaz.* No by my hope of heauen.
*Cor.* Well, no time past,
Goe goe; goe in and sow.
*Gaz.* Well, bee it so. *Exit Gaz.*
*Cor.* Suspition is (they say) the first degree
Of deepest wisedome: and how euer others

Inuay

Inueygh against this mood of Iealousy,
For my part I suppose it the best curb,
To check the ranging appetites that raigne
In this weake sexe: my neighbours poynt at me
For this my iealousy; but should I doe
As most of them doe; let my wife fly out
To feasts and reuels, and inuite home Gallants,
Play *Menelaus*, giue them time and place,
While I sit like a well-taught wayting-woman,
Turning her eyes vpon some worke or picture,
Read in a Booke, or take a fayned nap,
While her kind Lady takes one to her lap?
No, let me still be poynted at, and thought
A iealous Asse, and not a wittally Knaue.
I haue a shew of Courtyers haunt my house,
In shew my friends, and for my profit too:
But I perceiue vm, and will mock their aymes,
With looking to their marke, I warrant vm:
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To reuell, dice, and fit their other sports;
But by their leaues ile haue a vigilant eye
To the mayne chaunce still. See my braue Comrades.

*Enter Dariotto, Claudio and Valerio: Valerio putting vp his Sword.*

*Dar.* Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceiue thy father,
And being so simple a poore soule before him,
Turne swaggerer in all companies besides?

*Clau.* Hadst thou bin rested, all would haue come forth.

*Val.* Soft, sir, there lyes the poynt; I do not doubt,
But t'haue my pennyworths of these Rascals one day:
Ile smoke the buzzing Hornets from their nests,
Or else ile make their lether Ierkins stay.
The whorson hungry Horse-flyes; Foot, a man
Cannot so soone, for want of Almanacks,
Forget his day but three or foure bare moneths,

But ſtrait he fees a ſort of Corporals,
To lye in Ambuſcado to ſurprize him.
*Dar.* Well, thou hadſt happy fortune to eſcape vm.
*Val.* But they thought theirs was happier to ſcape me.
I walking in the place, where mens law ſuites
Are heard and pleaded, not ſo much as dreaming
Of any ſuch encounter, ſteps me forth
Their valiant fore-man, with the word, I reſt you.
I made no more adoe, but layd theſe pawes
Cloſe on his ſhoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there ſate he on his *poſteriors*,
Like a Baboone; and turning me about,
I ſtrayt eſpyed the whole troope iſſuing on me.
I ſtept me backe, and drawing my olde friend heere,
Made to the midſt of them, and all vnable
T'endure the ſhock, all rudely fell in rout,
And downe the ſtayres they ranne with ſuch a fury,
As meeting with a troope of Lawyers there,
Man'd by their Clyents: ſome with ten, ſome with twenty,
Some fiue, ſome three; he that had leaſt, had one:
Vpon the ſtayres they bore them downe afore them:
But ſuch a rattling then was there amongſt them
Of rauiſht Declarations, Replications,
Reioynders and Petitions; all their bookes
And writings torne and trod on, and ſome loſt,
That the poore Lawyers comming to the Barre,
Could ſay nought to the matter, but inſtead,
Were fayne to rayle and talke beſides their bookes
Without all order.
*Clau.* Fayth, that ſame vayne of rayling became
Now moſt applauſiue; your beſt Poet, is
He that rayles groſſeſt.
*Dar.* True, and your beſt foole
Is your broad rayling foole.
*Val.* And why not, ſir?
For by the gods, to tell the naked trueth,

What

What obiects see men in this world, but such
As would yeeld matter to a rayling humour?
When he that last yere carryed after one
An empty Buckram bag, now fills a Coach,
And crowds the Senate with such troops of Clyents,
And ierufe followers, as would put a mad spleene
Into a Pigeon.
*Dar.* Come, pray leaue these crosse capers,
Let's make some better vse of precious time.
See, here's *Cornelio*: come, Lad, shall we to dice?
*Cor.* Any thing I.
*Clau.* Well sayd, how does thy wife?
*Cor.* In health, God saue her.
*Val.* But where is she, man?
*Cor.* Abroad about her businesse.
*Val.* Why, not at home?
Foot, my masters, take her to the Court,
And this rare Lad her husband: and doest heare?
Play me no more the miserable Farmer,
But be aduisde by friends, sell all ith countrey,
Be a flat Courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and sheele make thee great.
*Cor.* What, to the Court? then take me for a Gull.
*Val.* Nay, neuer shun it to be cald a Gull:
For I see all the world is but a Gull:
One man Gull to another in all kinds:
A Marchant to a Courtyer is a Gull:
A Clyent to a Lawyer is a Gull:
A marryed man to a Bacheler, a Gull:
A Bacheler to a Cuckold is a Gull:
All to a Poet, or a Poet to himselfe.
*Cor.* Hark *Dariotto*, shall we gull this Guller?
*Dar.* He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.
*Cor.* Let me alone. Of all mens wits aliue,
I most admyre *Valerines*, that hath stolne,
By his meere industry, and that by spurts,

Such qualities, as no wit elſe can match,
With plodding at perfection euery houre;
Which, if his father knew eche gift he has,
Were like enough to make him giue all from him:
I meane beſides his dycing and his wenching,
He has ſtolne languages, th'Italian, Spaniſh,
And ſome ſpice of the French, beſides his dauncing,
Singing, playing on choyce Inſtruments:
Theſe has he got, almoſt againſt the hayre.

*Clau.* But haſt thou ſtolne all theſe, *Valerio*?

*Val.* Toyes, toyes, a pox; and yet they be ſuch toyes,
As euery Gentleman would not be without.

*Cor.* Vayne glory makes yee iudge on lyte yfayth.

*Dar.* Afore heauen I was much deceyu'd in him:
But hee's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And ſets them not to ſale in euery preſence.
I would haue ſworne, his ſoule were far from muſike;
And that all his choyce muſike was to heare
His fat beaſtes bellow.

*Cor.* Sir, your ignorance
Shall eſtſoone be confuted. Prythee *Val*,
Take thy *Theorbo* for my ſake a little.

*Val.* By heauen, this moneth I toucht not a *Theorbo*.

*Cor.* Toucht a *Theorbo*? marke the very word.
Sirra, goe fetch. *Exit Page.*

*Val.* If you will haue it, I muſt needs confeſſe,
I am no husband of my qualityes.

*He vntruſſes and capers.*

*Cor.* See what a Caper there was!

*Clau.* See agayne.

*Cor.* The beſt that euer; and how it becomes him!

*Dar.* O that his father ſaw theſe qualityes!

*Enter a Page with an Inſtrument.*

*Cor.* Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his fathers knowledge.

*Dar.* Why, we might tell him now.

*Cor.* No

*Cor.* No but we could not,
Although we think we could: his wit doth charme vs.
Come sweet *Val*, touch and sing.
*Dar.* Foote, will you heare
The worst voyce in Italy? *Enter Rinaldo.*
*Cor.* O God, sir. *He sings.* Courtiers, how like you this?
*Dar.* Beleeue it excellent.
*Cor.* Is it not naturall?
*Val.* If my father heard me,
Foot, hee'd renounce me for his naturall sonne.
*Dar.* By heauen, *Valerio*, and I were thy father,
And lou'd good qualities as I doe my life,
Ide disinherit thee: for I neuer heard
Dog howle with worse grace.
*Cor.* Go to, Signeur Courtier,
You deale not courtly now to be so playne,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young Gentleman,
In vertuous qualityes, that has but stolne vm.
*Clau.* Call you this touching a *Theorbo*? *Omn.* ha, ha, ha.
*Exeunt all but Val. and Rin.*
*Val.* How now, what's heere?
*Rin.* Zoones, a plot layd to gull thee.
Could thy wit thinke the voyce was worth the hearing?
This was the Courtiers and the Cuckolds proiect.
*Val.* And ist eene so? tis very well, mast Courtier, & Dan
Cornuto, ile cry quit with both: And first, ile cast a iarre
betwixt them both, with firing the poore cuckolds iealousy.
I haue a tale will make him madde,
And turne his wife diuorced loose amongst vs.
But first let's home, and entertayne my wife.
O father, pardon, I was borne to gull thee. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

## ACTVS III. SCENA I.

*Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana, Goſtanzo following cloſely.*

*Fort.* How happy am I, that by this ſweet meanes
I gayne acceſſe to your moſt loued ſight,
And therewithall to vtter my full loue,
Which but for vent would burne my entrayles vp!
*Goſt.* Byth maſſe they talke too ſoftly.
*Bell.* Little thinks
The auſtere mind my thrifty father beares,
That I am vowd to you, and ſo am bound
From him: who for more riches he would force
On my diſliking fancy.
*Fort.* Tis no fault,
With iuſt deeds to defraud an iniury.
*Goſt.* My daughter is perſwading him to yeeld
In dutifull ſubmiſſion to his father. *Enter Valerio.*
*Val.* Do I not dreame? do I behold this ſight
With waking eyes? or from the Iuory gate
Hath *Morpheus* ſent a viſion to delude me?
Iſt poſsible that I a mortall man,
Should ſhrine within mine armes ſo bright a Goddeſſe,
The fayre *Gratiana*, beauty es little world!
*Goſt.* What haue we heere?
*Val.* My deareſt Myne of Gold,
All this that thy white armes enfold,
Account it as thine owne free-hold.
*Goſt.* Gods my deare ſoule, what ſuddē change is here!
I ſmell how this geare will fall out yfayth.
*Val.* *Fortunio*, ſiſter; come, let's to the garden. *Exeunt.*
*Goſt.* Sits the wind there yfayth? ſee what example
Will worke vpon the dulleſt appetite.
My ſonne laſt day ſo baſhfull, that he durſt not
Looke on a wench, now courts her; and byrlady,

Will

Will make his friend *Fortunio* weare his head
Of the right moderne fashion. What *Rinaldo*, *Enter Rin.*
*Rin.* I feare I interrupt your priuacy.
*Gost.* Welcome, *Rinaldo*, would 'thad bin your hap
To come a little sooner, that you might
Haue seene a handsome sight: but let that passe,
The short is, that your sister *Gratiana*
Shall stay no longer here.
*Rin.* No longer, sir?
Repent you then so soone your fauour to her,
And to my brother?
*Gost.* Not so, good *Rinaldo*;
But to preuent a mischiefe that I see
Hangs ouer your abused brothers head.
In briefe, my sonne has learn'd but too much courtship.
It was my chaunce euen now to cast mine eye
Into a place whereto your sister entred:
My metamorphosde sonne: I must conceale
What I saw there: but to be playne, I saw
More then I would see: I had thought to make
My house a kind receypt for your kind brother;
But ide be loth his wife should find more kindnesse,
Then she had cause to like of.
*Rin.* What's the matter?
Perhaps a little complement or so.
*Gost.* Wel, sir, such complement perhaps may cost
Married *Fortunio* the setting on;
Nor can I keepe my knowledge; He that lately
Before my face I could not get to looke
Vpon your sister; by this light, now kist her,
Embrac't and courted with as good a grace,
As any Courtyer could: and I can tell you
(Not to disgrace her) I perceyu'd the Dame
Was as far forward as himselfe, byth masse.
*Rin.* You should haue schoold him for't.
*Gost.* No, Ile not see't:

For shame once found, is lost; Ile haue him thinke
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was euer; it will be a meane,
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.
*Rin.* Let me then schoole him; foot, ile rattle him vp.
*Gost.* No, no, *Rinaldo*, th'onely remedy,
Is to remoue the cause; carry the obiect
From his late tempted eyes.
*Rin.* Alas, sir, whither?
You know, my father is incenst so much,
Heele not receyue her.
*Gost.* Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclayme your father:
Meane time your brother shall remaine with me.
*To himselfe.* *Rin.* The care's the lesse then, he has still his longing,
To be with this Gulls daughter.
*Gost.* What resolue you?
I am resolu'd she lodges here no more:
My friends sonne shall not be abusde by mine.
*Rin.* Troth, sir, ile tell you what a sudden toy
comes in my head; what think you if I brought her home
to my fathers house?
*Gost.* I mary, sir;
Would he receyue her?
*Rin.* Nay, you heare not all:
I meane, with vse of some deuice or other,
*Gost.* As how, *Rinaldo*?
*Rin.* Mary sir, to say,
She is your sonnes wife, maryed past your knowledge.
*Gost.* I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her
to be *Fortunices* wife.
*Rin.* Nay, as for that
I wil pretend she was euen then your sonnes wife,
But fayndе by me to be *Fortunices*,
Onely to try how he would take the matter.
*Gost.* 'Fore heauen 'twere pretty.

*Rin.* Would

*Rin.* Would it not doe well?
*Goſt.* Exceeding well in ſadneſſe.
*Rin.* Nay, good ſir,
Tell me vnfaynedly, do ye lik't indeed.
*Goſt.* The beſt that ere I heard.
*Rin.* And do you thinke
Heele ſwallow downe the Gudgion?
*Goſt.* A my life
It were a groſſe gob would not downe with him,
An honeſt knight, but ſimple, not acquainted
With the fine ſlights and policies of the world,
As I my ſelfe am.
*Rin.* Ile go fetch her ſtrait:
And this ieſt thriue, 'twill make vs princely ſport:
But you muſt keepe our counſell, ſecond all,
Which to make likely, you muſt needs ſometimes
Giue your ſonne leaue (as if you knew it not)
To ſteale and ſee her at my fathers houſe.
*Goſt.* I, but ſee you then that you keepe good gard
Ouer his forward new begun affections:
For by the Lord, heele teach your brother elſe,
To ſing the Cuckooes note: ſpirit will breake out,
Though neuer ſo ſuppreſt and pinioned.
*Rin.* Eſpecially your ſonnes: what would he be,
If you ſhould not reſtrayne him by good connſell?
*Goſt.* Ile haue an eye on him, I warrant thee.
Ile in and warne the Gentlewoman to make ready.
*Rin.* Wel, ſir, & ile not be long after you. *Exit Goſt.*
Heauen, heauen, I ſee theſe Politicians
(Out of blind Fortunes hands) are our moſt fooles.
Tis ſhe that giues the luſtre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditionall deuices:
But take vm out of them to preſent actions,
A man may grope and tickle vm like a Trowt,
And take vm from their cloſe deere holes, as fat
As a Phiſician; and as giddy-headed,

As if be myracle heauen had taken from them,
Euen that which commonly belongs to fooles.
Well, now let's note what black ball of debate,
*Valerioes* wit hath cast betwixt *Cornelio*,
And the inamoured Courtyer; I beleeue
His wife and he will part: his iealousy
Hath euer watcht occasion of diuorce,
And now *Valerioes* villany will present it,
See, here comes the twyn-Courtier his companiō. *Enter Claud.*
*Clau.* *Rinaldo*, well encountred.
*Rin.* Why? what newes?
*Clau.* Most sudden and infortunate, *Rinaldo*:
*Cornelio* is incenst so 'gainst his wife,
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I haue assayd him, and made *Marc Antonio*,
With all his gentle Rethorike second me,
Yet all I feare me will be cast away.
See, see, they come: ioyne thy wit, good *Rinaldo*,
And helpe to pacify his yellow fury.
*Rin.* With all my heart, I consecrate my wit
To the wisht comfort of distressed Ladies.

*Enter Cornelio, Marc Ant, Valerio, Page.*

*Cor.* Will any man assure me of her good behauiour?
*Val.* Who can assure a iealous spirit? you may be afrayd of the shaddow of your eares, & imagine thē to be hornes: if you will assure your selfe, appoynt keepers to watch her.
*Cor.* And who shall watch the keepers?
*Mar.* To be sure of that, be you her keeper.
*Val.* Well sayd, and share the hornes your selfe:
For that's the keepers fee.
*Cor.* But say I am gone out of town, & must trust others; how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?
*Rin.* Mary, sir, by a singular instinct, giuen naturally to all you maryed men, that if your wiues play legerdeheele, though you bee a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your forheads.

*Cor.* Sound

*Cor.* Sound doctrine I warrant you: I am resolu'd i faith.

*Pag.* Then giue me leaue to speak, sir, that hath all this while bene silent: I haue heard you with extreme patience, now therefore pricke vp your eares, and vouchsafe me audience.

*Clau.* Good boy, a mine honour.

*Cor.* Pray what are you, sir?

*Pag.* I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fayre *Gazetta*, and though her selfe had bene best able to defend her selfe, if she had bin here, and would haue pleasd to put forth the Buckler, which Nature hath giuen all women, I meane her tongue.

*Val.* Excellent good boy.

*Pag.* Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your ielous accusations, I wil presume to vndertake the defence of that absent & honorable Lady, whose sworne Knight I am; and in her of all that name (for Lady is growne a common name to their whole sex) which sex I haue euer loued frō my youth, and shall neuer cease to loue, till I want wit to admire.

*Mar.* An excellent spoken boy.

*Val.* Giue eare, *Cornelio*, heere is a yong *Mercurio* sent to perswade thee.

*Cor.* Well, sir, let him say on.

*Pag.* It is a heauy case, to see how this light sex is tūbled and tost from post to piller, vnder the vnsauory breath of euery humourous Peasant: *Gazetta*, you sayd, is vnchaste, disloyall, and I wot not what; Alas, is it her fault? is shee not a woman? did she not suck it (as others of her sex doe) from her mothers brest? and will you condemne that, as her fault, which is her Nature? Alas, sir, you must consider, a woman is an vnfinisht Creature, deliuered hastyly to the world, before Nature had set to that Seale which should haue made them perfect. Faultes they haue (no doubt) but are wee free? Turne your eye into your selfe (good Signeur *Cornelio*) and weygh your owne imperfections with hers: If shee be wanton abroad, are

not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you ielous? If she be high set, are not you taken downe? If she be a Courtizan, are not you a Cuckold?

*Cor.* Out you rogue.

*Rin.* On with thy speech, boy.

*Marc.* You doe not well, *Cornelio*, to discourage the bashfull youth.

*Clau.* Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

*Pag.* But if our owne imperfections will not teach vs to beare with theirs; yet let their vertues perswade vs: let vs indure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the Rose; the bracke for the Veluet; the paring for the cheese, and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to auoyd idlenesse at home: their nature is still to be doing: keepe vm a doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dauncing or so, & these will put such idle toyes out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of businesse within dores, yet at least imitate the ancient wise Citizens of this City, who vsed carefully to prouide their wiues gardens neere the towne, to plant, to graft in, as occasion serued, onely to keepe vm from idlenesse.

*Val.* Euerlasting good boy.

*Cor.* I perceyue your knauery, sir, and will yet haue pa-

*Rin.* Forth, my braue Curio. (tience.

*Pag.* As to her vnquietnesse (which some haue rudely tearm'd shrewishnesse) though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calme as the sea of it own nature? Arte was neuer able to equall it: your dycing tables, nor your bowling alleys are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but crosse it, not so turbulent & violent an element in the world: So (nature in lieu of womens scarcity of wit, hauing indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) inioy their willes, no quieter creatures vnder heauen: but if the breath of their husbads

mouthes

mouthes onee crosse their wils, nothing more tempestuous. Why thē, sir, should you husbands crosse your wiues wils thus, considering the law allowes thē no wils at all at their deaths, because it intended they should haue their willes while they liued?

*Val.* Answere him but that, *Cornelio*.

*Cor.* All shall not serue her turne, I am thinking of other matters.

*Mar.* Thou hast halfe wonne him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

*Pag.* Now (sir) for these Cuckooish songs of yours, of Cuckolds, hornes, grafting, and such like; what are they, but meere imaginary toyes, bred out of your owne heads, as your owne, and so by tradition deliuered from man to man, like Scar-crowes, to terrify fooles from this earthly paradice of wedlock, coyn'd at first by some spent Poets, superannated Bachelers, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the Foxe, hauing lost his taile, would perswade others to lose theirs for company? Agayne, for your Cuckold, what is it but a meere fiction? shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could neuer see it, neyther could I euer find any sensible difference betwixt a Cuckold and a Christen creature. To conclude, let Poets coyne, or fooles credit what they list; for mine owne part, I am cleere of this opinion, that your Cuckold is a meere *Chymæra*, and that there are no Cuckoldes in the world, but those that haue wiues: and so I will leaue them.

*Cor.* Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see? to be, as it were bastard to the sawcy Courtier, that would haue me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? & so are instructed (as we heare) to second that villayne with your young, which he has acted with his Tenure piece, d'ye see?

*Pag.* No such matter, a my credit, sir.

*Cor.* Wel, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, d'ye see? when in the meane time I will fircke your

father, whether you see or no. *Exit drawing his rapier.*
*Rin.* Gods my life, *Cornelio.* *Exit.*
*Val.* Haue at your father ifaith, boy, if he can find him.
*Mar.* See, he comes here, he has mist him. *Enter Dariot.*
*Dar.* How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst (you?
Tis a signe y'are not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.
*Val.* Well, *Dariotto*, glory not too much,
That for thy briske attyre and lips perfumde,
Thou playest the Stallyon euer where thou com'st;
And like the husband of the flocke, runn'st through
The whole towne heard, and no mans bed secure;
No womans honour vnattempted by thee.
Thinke not to be thus fortunate for euer:
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your mazer: *Mars* himselfe
Fell into *Vulcans* snare, and so may you.
*Dar.* Alas, alas, fayth I haue but the name:
I loue to court and wynne; and the consent,
Without the act obtayn'd, is all I seeke.
I loue the victory that drawes no bloud.
*Clau.* O, tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret Leecher; I know some,
That (like thy selfe) are true in nothing else.
*Mar.* And, me thinks, it is nothing, if not told;
At least the ioy is neuer full before.
*Val.* Well, *Dariotto*, th'hadst as good confesse,
The Sunne shines broad vpon your practises.
*Vulcan* will wake and intercept you one day.
*Dar.* Why, the more ielous knaue and coxcombe he.
What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be duld and stald, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my costome to his house,
Is to be mad and ielous; tis the sauce
That whets my appetite.

*Val.* Or

*Val.* Or any mans :
*Sine periculo friget lusus.*
They that are ielous, vse it still of purpose
To draw you to their houses.
*Dar.* I, by heauen,
I am of that opinion. Who would steale
Out of a common Orchard? Let me gayne
My loue with labour, and inioy't with feare,
Or I am gone. *Enter Rinaldo.*
*Rin.* What, *Dariotto* here?
Foot, dar'st thou come neere *Cornelioes* house?
*Dar.* Why? is the Bull run mad? what ayles he, trow?
*Rin.* I know not what he ayles; but I would wish you
To keepe out of the reach of his sharpe hornes:
For by this hand heele gore you.
*Dar.* And why me,
More then thy selfe, or these two other whelps?
You all haue basted him as well as I.
I wonder what's the cause.
*Rin.* Nay, that he knowes,
And sweares withall, that whersoere he meets you,
Heele marke you for a marker of mens wiues.
*Val.* Pray heauen he be not ielous by some tales
That haue bin told him lately: did you neuer
Attempt his wife? hath no Loues Harbenger,
No looks, no letters past twixt you and her?
*Dar.* For looke I cannot answere; I bestow them
At large, and carelesly, much like the Sunne:
If any be so foolish to apply them
To any priuate fancy of their owne,
(As many doe) it's not my fault, thou knowest.
*Val.* Well, *Dariotto*, this set face of thine
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee: for *Cornelio*,
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best

You ſhund his ſight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon: for paſt doubt
Thou dyeſt if he but ſee thee. *Enter Cornelio.*
*Rin.* Foot, he comes.
*Dar.* Is this the Cockatrice that kils with ſight?
How doeſt thou boy? ha?
*Cor.* Well.
*Dar.* What, lingring ſtill
About this paltry towne? hadſt thou bin rulde
By my aduice, thou hadſt by this time bene
A gallant Courtyer, and at leaſt a Knight:
I would haue got thee dubd by this time certayne.
*Cor.* And why then did you not your ſelfe that honour?
*Dar.* Tuſh, tis more honour ſtill to make a Knight,
Then tis to be a Knight: to make a Cuckold,
Then tis to be a Cuckold.
*Cor.* Y'are a villayne.
*Dar.* God ſhield man: villayne?
*Cor.* I, ile proue thee one.
*Dar.* What, wilt thou proue a villayne?
By this light thou deceyu'ſt me then.
*Cor.* Well, ſir, thus I proue it. *Drawes.*
*Omn.* Hold, hold, rayſe the ſtreets.
*Claw. Cornelio.*
*Rin.* Hold, *Dariote*, hold.
*Val.* What, art thou hurt?
*Dar.* A ſcratch, a ſcratch.
*Val.* Goe ſirra, fetch a Surgeon.
*Cor.* Youle ſet a badge on the ielous fooles head, ſir;
Now ſet a Coxcombe on your owne.
*Val.* What's the cauſe of theſe warres, *Dariote*?
*Dar.* Foot, I know not.
*Cor.* Well, ſir, know and ſpare not; I will preſently bee diuorſt, and then take her amongſt ye.
*Rin.* Diuorſt? nay good *Cornelio*.
*Cor.* By this ſword I will, the world ſhall not diſſwade me. *Exit.* *Val.* Why

*Val.* Why this has bin your fault now *Darioto*,
You youths haue fashions when you haue obtei'nd:
A Ladies fauour, straght your hat must weare it,
Like a Iacke-daw that when he lights vpon
A dainty morsell, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoope it from him straight,
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and haue lesse disturbance:
Forbeare it in this case; and when you proue,
Victorious ouer faire *Gazettas* Forte,
Doe not for pittie sound your trumpe for ioy,
But keepe your valour close, and ti's your honour.

*Enter Page and Pock.*

*Poc.* God saue you Signior *Darioto*,

*Dar.* I know you not Sir, your name I pray?

*Poc.* My name is *Pock* Sir; a practitioner in Surgery,

*Dar.* *Pock* the Surgeon, y'are welcome Sir, I know a Doctor of your name maister *Pocke*.

*Poc.* My name has made many Doctors Sir.

*Rinal.* Indeede tis a worshipfull name.

*Val.* Mary is it, and of an auncient discent.

*Poc.* Faith Sir I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so (disposd.

*Rin.* Out of France at least.

*Poc.* And if I stood on my armes as others doe,

*Dar.* No doe not *Pock*, let other stand a their armes, and thou a thy legs as long as thou canst.

*Poc.* Though I liue by my bare practise, yet I could shew good cardes for my Gentilitie.

*Val.* Tush thou canst not shake off thy gentry *Pock*, tis bred i'th bone; but to the maine *Pock*, what thinkest thou of this gentlemans wound, *Pock*, canst thou cure it *Pock*.

*Poc.* The incision is not deepe, nor the Orifice exorbitant, the Pericranion is not dislocated, I warrant his life for forty crownes, without perishing of any ioynt.

*Dar.* Faith *Pock*, tis a ioynt I would be loath to loose, for the best ioynt of Mutton in Italy.

*Rin.* Would such a scratch as this hazards a mans head?

*Foc.* I Byr-lady Sir, I haue knowen some haue lost there

heads for a leſſe matter I can tell you, therefore ſir you muſt keepe good dyet: if you pleaſe to come home to my houſe till you be perfectly cur'd, I ſhall haue the more care on you.

*Val.* Thats your onely courſe to haue it well quickly.

*Poc.* By what time would he haue it well ſir.

*Dari.* A very neceſſary queſtion, canſt thou limit the time.

*Pock.* O ſir, cures are like cauſes in law, which may be lengthned or ſhortned at the diſcretion of the Lawyer, he can either keepe it greene with replications or reioinders, or ſometimes skinne it faire a'th outſide for faſhion ſake, but ſo he may be ſure 'twill breake out againe by a writt of error, and then has he his ſuite new to begin, but I will couenant with you, that by ſuch a time Ile make your head as ſound as a Bell, I will bring it to ſuppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and growe to a perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within theſe ten dayes, ſo you keepe a good dyet.

*Dar.* Well come *Pock*, weele talke farther on't within, it drawes neere dinner time; what's a clock boye?

*Page.* By your clock ſir it ſhould be almoſt one, for your head rung noone ſome halfe houre agoe.

*Dar.* Iſt true ſir?

*Val.* Away let him alone, though he came in at the window he ſets the gates of your honor open I can tell you.

*Dar.* Come in *Pock*, come, apply; and for this deede
Ile giue the Knaue a wound ſhall neuer bleed:
So ſir I thinke this knock rings lowd acquittance,
For my ridiculouſe. *Exeunt all but Rinal. & Valer.*

*Ryn.* Well ſir to turne our heads to ſalue your licence,
Since you haue vſd the matter ſo vnwiſely,
That now your father has diſcern'd your humor,
In your too careleſſe vſage in his houſe,
Your wife muſt come from his houſe to *Antonios*,
And he, to entertaine her muſt be tould
She is not wife to his ſonne, but to you:
Which newes will make his ſimple wit triumphe
Ouer your father; and your father thinking
Hs ſtill is guld, will ſtill account him ſimple:
Come ſir, prepare your villanous witt to faine

A kinde

A kinde submission to your fathers fury,
And we shall see what harty policie,
He will discouer, in his fained Anger,
To blinde *Antonios* eyes, and make him thinke,
He thinkes her hartely to be your wife.
*Val.* O I will gull him rarely with my wench,
Lowe kneeling at my heeles before his furie,
And iniury shalbe salu'd with iniurie. *Finis Actus 3.*

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

*Marc-Ant: Gostanzo.*

*Marc-Ant.* You see how too much wisdome euermore,
Out-shootes the truth: you were so forwards still,
To taxe my ignorance, my greene experience
In these gray haires, for giuing such aduantage,
To my sonnes spirit, that he durst vndertake
A secret match, so farre short of his woorth:
Your sonne so seasoned with obedience,
Euen from his youth, that all his actions relish
Nothing but dutie, and your angers feare,
What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious sonne of yours, has plaide
A part as bad as this, and as rebellious:
Nay more has grosely guld your witt withall.
What if my sonne has vndergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench
With which my sonne is charg'd, may call you father:
Shall I then say you want experience?
Y'are greene, y'are credulous; easie to be blinded.
*Gost.* Ha, ha, ha, good *Marc-Antonio*, (me so,
When't comes to that; laugh at me, call me foole, proclaime
Let all the world take knowledge I am an Asse.
*Marc.* O the good God of Gods,
How blinde is Pride? what Eagles we are still,
In matters that belong to other men?
What Beetles in our owne? I tell you Knight,
It is confest to be as I haue tould you;

And *Gratiana*, is by young *Rinaldo*,
And your white ſonne, brought to me as his wife:
How thinke you now Sir?
*Goſt.* Euen iuſt as before,
And haue more cauſe to thinke honeſt *Credulity*:
Is a true Loadſtone to draw on *Decrepity*,
You haue a hart to open to imbrace,
All that your eare receiues: alas good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your houſe, for your poore ſonnes yong wife
My houſe without huge danger cannot holde:
*Mar.* Iſt poſſible, what danger Sir I pray?
*Goſt.* Ile tell you Sir, twas time to take her thence:
My ſonne that laſt day you ſaw could not frame,
His lookes to entertaine her, now bir-lady
Is grone a Courtier: for my ſelfe vnſeene,
Saw when he courted her, imbrac't and kiſt her,
And I can tell you left not much vndone,
That was the proper office of your ſonne.
*Mar.* What world is this?
*Goſt.* I tolde this to *Rinaldo*,
Aduiſing him to fetch her from my houſe,
And his yong wit not knowing where to lodge her
Vnleſſe with you: and ſaw that could not be,
Without ſome wyle: I preſently ſuggeſted
This queint deuiſe, to ſay ſhe was my ſonnes:
And all this plot, good *Marc-Antonio*,
Flow'd from this fount, onely to blinde our eyes.
*Mar.* Out of how ſweete a dreame haue you awak't me?
By heauen, I durſt haue laid my part in heauen
All had bin true; it was ſo liuely handled,
And drawne with ſuch a ſeeming face of trueth:
Your ſonne had caſt a perfect vaile of griefe
Ouer his face, for his ſo raſh offence,
To ſeale his loue with act of marriage,
Before his father had ſubſcrib'd his choyce:
My ſonne (my circumſtance leſſening the fact)
Intreating me to breake the matter to you,

And ioyning my effectuall perſwaſions,
With your ſonnes penitent ſubmiſſion,
Appeaſe your fury; I at firſt aſſented,
And now expect their comming to that purpoſe.
*Goſt.* T'was well, t'was well, ſeeme to beleeue it ſtill,
Let Art end what Credulitie began,
When they come, ſuite your words and lookes to theirs,
Second my ſad Sonnes fain'd ſubmiſſion,
And ſee in all points how my braine will anſwere,
His diſguiſde griefe, with a ſet countenance
Of rage and choller; now obſerue and learne
To ſchoole your ſonne by me. *Intrant Rynaldo. Val: Grat:*
*Mar.* On with your maske; here come the other maskers ſir,
*Rinal.* Come on I ſay,
Your Father with ſubmiſſion wilbe calm'd; come on; downe a (your knees:
*Goſt.* Villaine durſt thou
Preſume to gull thy Father? dooſt thou not
Tremble to ſee my bent and cloudy browes
Ready to thunder on thy graceleſſe head,
And with the bolt of my diſpleaſure cut
The thred of all my liuing from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?
*Val.* Father, if that part I haue in your blood,
If teares, which ſo aboundantly diſtill
Out of my inward eyes: and for a neede,
Can drowne theſe outward (lend me thy hand-kercher)
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Iſſuing from the Creator of my hart,
Be able to beget ſo much compaſſion,
Not on my life, but on this louely Dame,
Whom I hold dearer?
*Goſt.* Out vpon thee villaine.
*Marc.* Nay good *Goſtanzo*, thinke you are a Father.
*Goſt.* I will not heare a word; out, out vpon thee:
Wed without my aduiſe, my loue, my knowledge,
I, and a begger too, a trull, a blowſe?
*Rinal.* You thought not ſo laſt day, when you offerd her
A twelue months boord for one nights lodging with her.

*Goſt.* Goe too, no more of that, peace good *Rinaldo*,
It is a fault that onely ſhe and you know.
*Rein.* Well ſir, go on I pray.
*Goſt.* Haue I fond wretch,
With vtmoſt care and labour brought thee vp,
Euer inſtructing thee, omitting neuer
The office of a kinde and carefull Father,
To make thee wiſe and vertuous like thy father:
And haſt thou in one acte euerted all?
Proclaim'd thy ſelfe to all the world a foole?
To wedde a begger?
*Val.* Father, ſay not ſo,
Nay ſhees thy owne, here, riſe foole, take her to thee,
Liue with her ſtill, I know thou countſt thy ſelfe
Happy in ſoule, onely in winning her:
Be happy ſtill, heere, take her hand enioy her,
Would not a ſonne hazard his Fathers wrath,
His reputation in the world? his birth-right,
To haue but ſuch a meſſe of broth as this?
*Marc.* Be not ſo violent, I pray you good *Goſtanzo*,
Take truce with paſſion, licence your ſad ſonne,
To ſpeake in his excuſe.
*Goſt.* What? what excuſe?
Can any orator in this caſe excuſe him?
What can he ſay? what can be ſaid of any?
*Val.* Ahlas ſir, heare me, all that I can ſay,
In my excuſe, is but to ſhew loues warrant.
*Goſt.* Notable wagge.
*Val.* I know I haue committed
A great impiety, not to mooue you firſt
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife
Conſider what I am, yet young, and greene,
Beholde what ſhe is, is there not in her
I, in her very eye, a power to conquer,
Euen age it ſelfe and wiſdome call to minde
Sweete Father, what your ſelfe being young haue bin,
Thinke what you may be, for I doe not thinke
The world ſo farre ſpent with you, but you may

Looke back on ſuch a beauty, and I hope
To ſee you young againe and to liue long
With young affections, wiſdome makes a man
Liue young for euer: and where is this wiſdome
If not in you? ahlas I know not what
Reſts in your wiſedome to ſubdue affections,
But I proteſt it wrought with me ſo ſtrongly,
That I had quite bin drownd in ſeas of teares
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this ſweete hand, my hart had beene conſum'de
T'a heape of Aſhes with the flames of loue,
Had it not ſweetly bin aſſwag'd and cool'd,
With the moiſt kiſſes of theſe ſugred lippes.

*Goſt.* O puiſant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend *Fortunios* ſtretching leather.

*Marc.* He knows he does it but to blinde my eyes.

*Goſt.* O excellent, theſe men will put vp any thing.

*Val.* Had I not had her, I had loſt my life,
Which life indeed I would haue loſt before,
I had diſpleaſd you, had I not receau'd it
From ſuch a kinde, a wiſe, and honour'd Father.

*Goſt.* Notable Boy.

*Val.* Yet doe I here renounce
Loue, life and all, rather then one houre longer
Indure to haue your loue eclipſed from me.

*Gra.* O I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be vſ'd in earneſt my *Valerio*,
Thou woundſt my hart, but I know tiſt in ieſt.

*Goſt.* No ile be ſworne ſhe has her lyripoope too.

*Grat.* Didſt thou not ſweare to loue me, ſpight of Father, & all the world
That nought ſhould ſeuer vs but death it ſelfe.

*Val.* I did, but if my father
Will haue his ſonne foreſworne, vpon his ſoule,
The blood of my black periurie ſhall lye,
For I will ſeeke his fauour though I dye.

*Goſt.* No, no, liue ſtill my ſonne, thou well ſhalt know,
I haue a fathers hart, come ioyne your hands,
Still keepe thy vowes, and liue together ſtill,

Till cruell death ſet foote betwixt you both.
*Val.* O ſpeake you this in earneſt?
*Goſt.* I by heauen.
*Val.* And neuer to recall it?
*Goſt.* Not till death.
*Rinal.* Excellent ſir, you haue done like your ſelfe:
What would you more *Valerio*?
*Val.* Worſhipfull Father.
*Rinal.* Come ſir, come you in, and celebrate your ioyes.
*Exeunt all ſaue the old men.*
*Goſt.* O *Marc-Antonio*,
Had I not armd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawne your very ſoule,
The wench had bin my ſonnes wife?
*Marc.* Yes by heauen:
A knauerie thus effected might deceiue
A wiſer man then I, for I ah las,
Am noe good polititian, plaine beleeuing
Simple honeſty, is my policy ſtill. (litie his yonger brothe
*Goſt.* The viſible markes of folly, honeſty, and quick Credu
I tell you *Marc-Antonio* there is mutch
In that young boy my Sonne. (to his father.
*Marc.* Not much honeſty, if I may ſpeake without offence
*Goſt.* O God you cannot pleaſe me better ſir,
H'as honeſty enough to ſerue his turne,
The leſſe honeſty euer the more wit,
But goe you home, and vſe your daughter kindly,
Meane time Ile ſchool: your ſonne: and do you ſtill
Diſſemble what you know, keepe off your ſonne,
The wench at home muſt ſtill be my ſonnes wife,
Remember that, and be you blinded ſtill.
*Marc.* You muſt remember too, to let your ſonne
Vſe his accuſtomm'd viſitations,
Onely to blinde my eyes.
*Goſt.* He ſhall not faile:
But ſtill take you heede, haue a vigilant eye,
On that ſlie childe of mine, for by this light,
Heele be too bould with your ſonnes forhead els.

*Marc.*

*Marc.* Well sir let me alone, Ile beare a braine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Valerio, Rynaldo.*

*Val.* Come they are gone.

*Ryn.* Gone, they were farre gone heere.

*Val.* Guld I my father, or guld he himselfe?
Thou toldst him *Gratiana* was my wife,
I haue confest it, he has pardoned it.

*Ryn.* Nothing more true, enow can witnesse it.
And therefore when he comes to learne the truth,
(As certainly for all these slie disguises,
Time will strip Truth into her nakednesse)
Thou hast good plea against him to confesse,
The honor'd Action, and to claime his pardon.

*Val.* Tis true, for all was done he deeply swore
Out of his hart.

*Ryn.* He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing, so quite against his hart:

*Val.* Why this is pollicie.

*Ryn.* Well see you repaire,
To *Gratiana* daily, and enioy her
In her true kinde; and now we must expect
The resolute, and ridiculous diuorce,
*Cornelio* hath sued against his wedlock.

*Val.* I thinke it be not so; the Asse dotes on her.

*Ryn.* It is too true, and thou shalt answere it,
For setting such debate twixt man and wife:
See, we shall see the solemne maner of it.

*Enter Cor: Darioto. Claud. Notarie, Page, Gazetta. Bell: Gratiana.*

*Bell.* Good Signior *Cornelio* let vs poore Gentlewomen intreate you to forbeare.

*Cor.* Talke no more to me, Ile not be made Cuckold in my owne house: Notarie read me the diuorce.

*Gazet.* My deare *Cornelio*, examine the cause better before you condemne me.

*Cor.* Sing to me no more Syren, for I will heare thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee.

*Page.* Good Signior *Cornelio* be not too mankinde against

your wife, say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a time) will you make a trumpet of your owne hornes?

*Cor.* Goe too sir, y'are a rascall, ile giue you a fee for pleading for her one day, *Notary* doe you your office.

*Val.* Goe too Signior looke better to your wife, and be better aduised, before you grow to this extremitie.

*Cor.* Extremity? go too, I deale but too mercifully with her, If I should vse extremitie with her I might hang her, and her copesmate my drudge here, how say you M. *Notary*, might I not doe it by law?

*Not.* Not hang am, but you may bring them both to a white sheete.

*Cor.* Nay by the masse they haue had too much of the sheete already.

*Not.* And besides you may set capitall letters on their foreheads.

*Cor.* What's that to the capitall letter thats written in minde, I say for all your law, maister *Notary* that I may hang am, may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horse?

*Not.* No sir your horse is a chattell.

*Cor.* Soe is honour, a man may buy it with his peny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse (as I say) much more for robbing mee of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolne, it may bee my owne fault; for why? eyther the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenc't, or watcht, or so foorth: But for your wife that keepes the stable of your honour: Let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let *Argus* himselfe keepe her, yet can you neuer bee secure of your honour, for why? she can runne through all with her serpent nodle: besides you may hang a locke vpon your horse, and so can you not vpon your wife.

*Rin.* But I pray you Sir what are the presumptions on which you would build this diuorce?

*Cornelio.* Presumption enough Sir, for besides their entercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cockrill-drone, and her, at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winckes, their beckes, due gard,

their

their treads a'the toe(as by heauen I sweare she trode once vpō on my toe instead of his ) This is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone ; and the same night her dog barkt, did not you heare him *Valerio* ?

*Val.* And vnderstand him too, Ile be sworne of a booke.

*Cornelio.* Why very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be iudge : Therefore without more ceremony , Maister *Notarie* plucke out your Instrument.

*Notary.* I will sir, if there be no remedie.

*Corn.* Haue you made it strong in law Maister *Notary?* haue you put in words enough ?

*Notary.* I hope so sir, it has taken me a whole skinne of Parchment you see.

*Cornelio.* Very good, and is Egresse and Regresse in ?

*Nota.* Ile warrant you sir, it is *forma Iuris.*

*Corn.* Is there no hoale to be found in the Ortography.

*Nota.* None in the world sir.

*Corn.* You haue written *Sunt* with an *S* haue you not ?

*Nota.* Yes that I haue.

*Corn.* You haue done the better for quietnesse sake : and are none of the Autenticall dashes ouer the head left out ? if there be Maister *Notary* an error will lye out.

*Nota.* Not for a dashe ouer head sir I warrant you, if I should oversee; I haue seene that tryed in *Butiro & Caseo*, in *Butler* and *Casons* case , *Decimo sexto* of Duke *Anonimo.*

*Rinal.* Y'aue gotten a learned Notarie *Signior Cornelio.*

*Corn.* Hees a shroad fellow indeed, I had as leeue haue his head in a matter of fellony, or Treason, as any Notary in *Florence*, read out Maister *Notary*, harken you mistresse, Gentlemen marke I beseech you.

*Omnes.* We will all marke you sir, I warrant you.

*Nota.* I thinke it would be something tedious to read all, and therfore Gentlemen the summe is this : That you *Signior Cornelio* Gentleman, for diuers & sundry waighty and mature considerations, you especially mouing, specifying all the particulars of your wiues enormities in a scedule hereunto annexed,

the tranſcript whereof is in your owne tenure, cuſtodie, occupation,& keeping : That for theſe the aforeſaid premiſes,I ſay; you renounce,diſclaime and diſcharge *Gazetta* frō being your leeful,or your lawfull wife: And that you eſtſoones deuide,diſioyne,ſeperate,remoue,& finally eloigne,ſequeſter, & diuorce her,frō your bed & your boo-d; That you forbid her all acceſſe, repaire,egreſſe or regreſſe to your perſon,or perſons, manſion or manſions,dwellings,habitations,remainenances or abodes, or to any ſhop,ſellar,Sollar,eaſements chamber, dormer, and ſo forth, now in the tenure,cuſtody,occupation or keeping of the ſaid *Cornelio*; notwithſtanding all former contracts,couenants,bargaines,conditions,agreements,compacts.

Promiſes, vowes, affiances,aſſurances, bonds,billes, indentures,pole-deedes, deeds of guift, defeſances, feoffments,endowments,vowchers,double vowchers,priuie entries,actions, declarations,explications,reioinders,ſurreioinders,rights,intereſts,demands, claymes, or titles whatſoeuer, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party,or parties,being had,made, paſt, couenanted & agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, giuen the 17. of Nouember 1500.and ſo forth,here Sir you muſt ſet to your hand.

*Cor.* What els maiſter Notary,I am reſolute ifaith.

*Gaz.* Sweete husband forbeare.

*Cor.* Auoyde, I charge thee in name of this diuorce: Thou mightſt haue lookt to it in time, yet this I will doe for thee ; if thou canſt ſpie out any other man that thou wouldeſt cuckolde, thou ſhalt haue my letter to him: I can do no more: more Inke maiſter *Notary*,I wright my name at large.

*Not.* Here is more Sir.

*Cor.* Ah aſſe that thou could not know thy happineſſe till thou hadſt loſt it, how now? my note bleed? ſhall I write in blood? what onely three drops? Sfoote thi's Omninous: I will not ſet my hand toot now certaine, maiſter *Notary* I like not this abodement: I will deferre the ſetting too of my hand till the next court day : keepe the diuorce I pray you,and the woman in your houſe together.

*Om.* Burne the diuorce,burne the diuorce.

*Cor.* Not ſo Sir,it ſhall not ſerue her turne M. *Notary*,keep

it

it at your perill, & gentlemen you may be gone a Gods name, what haue you to doe to flocke about me thus? I am neither *Howlet*, nor *Cuckooe*: gentlewomen for gods sake medle with your owne cases, it is not fit you should haunt these publike af-
(sembles.

*Om.* well, farewell *Cornelio.*

*Val.* Vse the gentlewoman kindely maister *Notary*,
As mine owne wife, I assure you Sir. *Exeunt.*

*Clau.* Signior *Cornelio* I cānot but in kindenes tell you that *Balerio* by counsaile of *Rinaldo* hath whispered all this iealosie into your eares, not that he knew any iust cause in your wife, but only to be reuengd on you, for the gull, you put vpon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the *Theorbo.*

*Cor.* May I beleeue this?

*Clau.* As I am a gentleman: and if this accident of your nose had not falne out, I would haue told you this before you set too your hand.

*Cor.* It may well be, yet haue I cause enough
To perfect my diuorce, but it shall rest,
Till I conclude it with a Counterbuffe,
giuen to these noble rascals: *Claudio* thankes:
What comes of this, watch but my braine a little,
And yee shall see, if like two partes in me,
I leaue not both these gullers wits Imbrierd,
Now I perceiue well where the wilde winde sits,
Heres Gull for Gull and wits at warre with wits. *(Exeunt.*

## AGTVS QVINTI: SCENA PRIMA.

*Rinaldo solus.*

Fortune the great commandresse of the world,
Hath diuers wayes to aduance her followers:
To some she giues honour without deseruing,
To other some deseruing without honour,
Some wit, some wealth: and some wit without wealth:
Some wealth without wit, some, nor wit nor wealth
But good smocke-faces: or some qualities,
by nature without iudgement, with the which
They liue in sensuall acceptation,

And make ſhow onely, without touche of ſubſtance;
My fortune is to winne renowne by Gulling,
*Goſtanzo*, *Darioto*, and *Cornelio*:
All which ſuppoſe in all their different kindes,
Their witts entyre, and in themſelues no piece,
All at one blow; my helmet yet vnbruiſde,
I haue vnhorſt, laid flat on earth for Guls;
Now in what taking poore *Cornelio* is,
Betwixt his large diuorce, and no diuorce,
I long to ſee, and what he will reſolue:
I lay my life he cannot chew his meate,
And lookes much like an Ape had ſwallowed pilles,
And all this comes of booteleſſe iealouſie:
And ſee where bootleſſe iealouſie appeares. *Enter Cornel.*
Ile bourd him ſtraight; how now *Cornelio*?
Are you reſolu'd on the diuorce or no?

*Cor.* What's that to you? looke to your owne affaires,
The time requires it; are not you engag'd
In ſome bonds forfeit for *Valerio*?

*Rinal.* Yes, what of that?

*Corn.* Why ſo am I my ſelfe,
And both our dangers great, he is arreſted
On a recognizance, by a vſuring ſlaue.

*Rinal.* Arreſted? I am ſorry with my hart,
It is a matter may import me much,
May not our bayle ſuffize to free him thinke you?

*Cor.* I thinke it may, but I muſt not be ſeene in't,
Nor would I wiſh you, for we both are parties,
And liker farre to bring our ſelues in trouble,
Then beare him out: I haue already made
Meanes to the officers to ſequeſter him
In priuate for a time, till ſome in ſecret
Might make his Father vnderſtand his ſtate,
Who would perhaps take preſent order for him,
Rather then ſuffer him t'endure the ſhame
Of his impriſonment; Now, would you but goe
And breake the matter cloſely to his Father,
(As you can wiſely doo't) and bring him to him,

This

This were the onely way to ſaue his credit,
And to keepe off a ſhrowd blow from our ſelues.
*Rinal.* I know his Father will be moou'd paſt meaſure.
*Corn.* Nay if you ſtand on ſuch nice ceremonies,
Farewell our ſubſtance: Extreame diſeaſes
Aske extreame remedies, better he ſhould ſtorme
Some little time, then we be beate for euer
Vnder the horred ſhelter of a priſon,
*Rinal.* Where is the place?
*Corn.* Tis at the halfe Moone Tauerne,
Haſt, for the matter will abide no ſtaye.
*Rin.* Heauen ſend my ſpeed be equall with my haſt. *Exit.*
*Corn.* Goe ſhallow ſcholler, you that make all Guls,
You that can out-ſee cleere-ey'd icelouſie,
Yet make this ſlight a Milſtone, where your braine
Sticks in the midſt amazd: This Gull to him
And to his fellow Guller, ſhall become
More bitter then their baiting of my humour:
Heere at this Tauerne ſhall *Goſtanzo* finde,
*Fortunio, Darioto, Claudio,*
And amongſt them, the ringleader his ſonne
His husband and his Saint *Valerio,*
That knowes not of what faſhion Dice are made,
Nor euer yet looke towards a red Lettice,
(Thinkes his blinde Sire) at drinking and at Dice,
Withall their wenches, and at full diſcouer
His owne groſe folly, and his ſonnes diſtempers,
And both ſhall know (although I be no ſcholler)
Yet I haue thus much Latin, as to ſay
*Iam ſumus ergo pares.* *Exit.*

*Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Grat: Gazetta, Bellanora. A Drawer or two, ſetting a Table.*

*Val.* Set me the Table heere, we will ſhift roomes,
To ſee if Fortune will ſhift chances with vs:
Sit Ladies, ſit, *Fortunio* place thy wench,

And

And *Claudio* place you *Dariotos* miſtreſſe,
I wonder where that neate ſpruce ſlaue becomes:
I thinke he was ſome Barbers ſonne by th'maſſe,
Tis ſuch a picked fellow, not a haire
About his whole Bulke, but it ſtands in print,
Each Pinne hath his due place, not any point,
But hath his perfect tie, faſhion, and grace,
A thing whoſe ſoule is ſpecially imployde
In knowing where beſt Gloues, beſt Stockings, Waſecotes,
Curiouſly wrought are ſolde; ſacks Milleners ſhops
For all new tyres and faſhions, and can tell yee
What new deuices of all ſorts there are:
And that there is not in the whole *Rialto*,
But one new-faſhion'd Waſt-cote, or one Night-cap,
One paire of Gloues, pretty or well perfum'd,
And from a paire of Gloues of halfe a crowne,
To twenty crownes: will to a very ſcute
Smell out the price: and for theſe womanly parts
He is eſteem'd a witty Gentleman.

*Fortunio.* See where he comes. *Enter Darioto.*

*Dari.* God ſaue you louely Ladies.

*Val.* I well ſaid louely *Paris*, your wall eye,
Muſt euer firſt be gloting on mens wiues,
You thinke to come vpon vs, being halfe drunke,
And ſo to part the freſheſt man amongſt vs,
But you ſhall ouer-take vs, Ile be ſworne.

*Dario.* Tuſh man where are your dice? lets fall to them.

*Clau.* We haue bin at am, Drawer, call for more.

*Vale.* Firſt lets haue Wine, Dice haue no perfect edge,
Without the liquid whetſtone of the Sirrope.

*Fort.* True, and to welcome *Darioto's* latenes,
He ſhall (vnpledg'd) carouze one crowned cup
To all theſe Ladies health.

*Dari.* I am well pleaſd.

*Val.* Come on, let vs varie our ſweete time
With ſundry excerciſes, Boy? Tabacco.
And Drawer, you muſt get vs muſique too,
Calls in a cleanly noyſe, the ſlaues grow lowzy.

*Drawer.* You ſhall haue ſuch as we can get you ſir. *Exit.*
*Dariot.* Let's haue ſome Dice: I pray thee, they are clenly.
*Val.* Page, Let mee ſee that Leafe?
*Page.* It is not Leafe Sir, 'Tis pudding cane *Tabacco*:
*Val.* But I meane, your Linſtock ſir, what leafe is that I pray
*Page.* I pray you ſee ſir, for I cannot read.
*Val.* Sfoote a rancke ſtincking Satyre; this had been
Enough to haue poyſned euerie man of vs.
*Dari.* And now you ſpeake of that, my Boy once lighted
A pipe of Cane *Tabacco* with a peece
Of a vild Ballad, and Ile ſweare I had
A ſinging in my head a whole weeke after.
*Val.* Well, th'old verſe is, *A pettibus incipe in-c-um.*

*Enter Drawer with Wine and a Cupp.*

*Vall.* Drawer, fill out this Gentlemans Carowſe,
And harden him for our ſocietie.
*Dariot.* Well Ladies heere is to your honourd healths.
*For.* What *Dariotto*, without hat or knee?
*Val.* Well ſaid *Fortunio*, O y'are a rare Courtier,
Your knee good Signior, I beſeech your knee.
*Dariot.* Nay pray you, lets take it by degrees *Valerio*; on our
feete firſt, for this will bring's too ſoone vpon our knees.
*Vall.* Sir, there are no degrees of order in a Tauerne,
Heere you muſt, I chargd yee runne all a head,
Slight, Courtier, downe?
I hope you are no Elephant, you haue ioynts?
*Dari.* Well Sir, heere's to the Ladies on my knees.
*Vall.* Ile be their pledge. *Enter Geſtanzo & Rinaldo.*
*Fort.* Not yet *Valerio*,
This hee muſt drinke vnpledgd.
*Vall.* Hee ſhall not, I will giue him this aduantage.
*Geſt.* How now? whats heere? are theſe the Officers?
*Rin.* Slight, I would all were well. *Enter Cornelio.*
*Vall.* Heere is his pledge:
Heere's to our common friend *Cornelices* health.

*Clau.* Health to *Gazetta*, Poyſon to her husband. *He kneeles.*
*Cor.* Excellent Gueſtes: theſe are my dayly Gueſtes.
*Val.* Drawer make euen th'impartiall skales of Iuſtice,
Giue it to *Claudio*, and from him fill round.
Come *Dariotto*, ſett mee, let mee reſt,
Come in when they haue done the Ladyes right.
*Goſt.* Sett mee, doe you know what belongs to ſetting?
*Rin.* What a dull ſlaue was I to be thus gull'd.
*Cor.* Why *Rinald*, what meant you to intrap your friend,
And bring his Father to this ſpectacle?
You are a friend in deed.
*Rin.* Tis verie good Sir,
Perhaps my friend, or I, before wee part,
May make euen with you.
*Fort.* Come, lets ſett him round.
*Vall.* Doe ſo: at all. A plague vpon theſe Dice.
Another health, sfoote I ſhall haue no lucke,
Till I be druncke; come on, heere's to the comfort,
The Caualier my Father ſhould take in mee,
If he now ſaw mee, and would do me right.
*Fort.* Ile pledge it, and his health *Valerio*.
*Goſt.* Heere's a good Husband.
*Rin.* I pray you haue patience Sir.
*Val.* Now haue at all, an'twere a thouſand pound.
*Goſt.* Hold Sir, I barr the Dice.
*Val.* What Sir, are you there?
Fill's a freſh pottle, by this light, Sir Knight,
You ſhall do right. *Enter Marc. Ant.*
*Goſt.* O thou vngratious villaine,
Come, come, wee ſhall haue you now thunder foorth
Some of your thriftie ſentences, as grauely:
For as much *Valerius* as euery thing has time, and a Pudding has two: yet ought not ſatisfaction to ſwerue ſo much from defalcation of well diſpoſ'd people, as that indemnitie ſhould preiudice what ſecuritie doth inſinuate: a tryall yet once againe.

*Mar.* Heere's

*Marc. An.* Heere's a good fight, y'are well encountred sir,
Did not I tell you you'd oreshoote your selfe
With too much wisedome.
*Val.* Sir, your wisest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.
*Gost.* Heere's a good Infant.
*Marc.* Why Sir: Ahlas Ile wager with your wisedome,
His consorts drew him to it, for of him selfe
He is both vertuous, bashfull, innocent:
Comes not at Cittie: knowes no Cittie Art,
But plies your Husbandrie; dares not view a Wench.
*Val.* Father, hee comes vpon you.
*Gost.* Heere's a Sonne.
*Marc.* Whose wife is *Gratiana* now I pray?
*Gost.* Sing your old song no more, your braine's too short
To reach into these pollicies.
*Marc.* Tis true,
Mine eyes soone blinded: and your selfe would say so,
If you knew all: Where lodg'd your Sonne last night?
Doe you know that with all your pollicie?
*Gost.* Youle say he lodg'd with you, and did not I
Foretell you: all this must for cullour sake
Be brought about, onely to blinde your eyes?
*Marc.* By heauen I chaunc't this morne, I know not why
To passe by *Gratianas* bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side,
But your *Valerio?*
*Gost.* Had you not warning giuen?
Did not I bidd you watch my Courtier well,
Or hee would set a Crest a your Sonnes head?
*Marc.* That was not all, for by them on a stoole,
My Sonne sate laughing, to see you so gull'd,
*Gost.* Tis too too plaine.
*Mar.* Why Sir, do you suspect it the more for that?
*Gost.* Suspect it? is there any
So grosse a wittoll, as if t'were his wife,

Would ſit by her ſo tamelie?
*Mar.* Why not Sir, To blind my eyes?
*Goſt.* Well Sir, I was deceiu'd,
But I ſhall make it prooue a deare deceipt
to the deceiuer.
*Rin.* Nay Sir, lets not haue
A new inſliction, ſet on an old fault:
Hee did confeſſe his fault vpon his knees,
You pardned it, and ſwore twas from your hart.
*Goſt.* Swore; a great peece of worke, the wretch ſhall know
I haue a Daughter heere to giue my land too,
Ile giue my Daughter all: the prodigall
Shall not haue one poore Houſe to hide his head in.
*Fort.* I humblie thanke you Sir, and vow all duetie
My life can yeelde you.
*Goſt.* Why are you ſo thankfull?
*Fort.* For giuing to your Daughter all your Lands,
Who is my Wife, and ſo you gaue them mee.
*Goſt.* Better, and better.
*Fort.* Pray Sir be not moou'd,
You drew mee kindlie to your houſe, and gaue mee
Acceſſe to woe your Daughter, whom I lou'd:
And ſince (by honord mariage) made my wife.
*Goſt.* Now all my Choller flie out in your witts:
Good trickes of Youth y'faith, no *Indecorum*,
Knights ſonne, Knights daughter; *Marc. Antonio*
Giue mee your hand, There is no remedie,
Mariage is euer made by Deſtenie.
*Rin.* Scilence my Maiſters, now heere all are pleaſ'd,
Onelie but *Cornelio*: who lackes but perſwaſion
To reconcile himſelfe to his faire wife:
Good Sir will you (of all men our beſt ſpeaker)
Perſwade him to receiue her into grace?
*Goſt.* That I will gladlie, and he ſhalbe rul'd good *Cornelio:*
I haue heard of your wayward Ieloſie, and I muſt tell you
plaine as a friend, y'are an Aſſe: you muſt pardon me, I knew
your Father. *Rin.* Then

*Rin.* Then you must pardon him, indeed Sir.

*Goſt.* Vnderſtand mee: put caſe *Dariotto* lou'd your wife, whereby you would ſeeme to refuſe her; would you deſire to haue ſuch a Wife as no man could loue but your ſelfe?

*Mar.* Anſwere but that *Cornelio.*

*Goſt.* Vnderſtand mee: Say *Dariotto* hath kiſt your wife, or perform'de other offices of that nature, whereby they did conuerſe togeather at bedd and at boord, as friendes may ſeeme to doe:

*Mar.* Marke but the now vnderſtand mee.

*Goſt.* Yet if there come no proofes, but that her actions were cleanlie, or indiſcreete priuate, why t'was a ſigne of modeſtie: and will you blow the Horne your ſelfe, when you may keepe it to your ſelfe? Goe to, you are a Foole, vnderſtand mee?

*Val.* Doe vnderſtand him *Cornelio.*

*Goſt.* Nay *Cornalio* I tell you againe, I knew your Father, Hee was a wiſe Gentleman, and ſo was your Mother: mee thinkes I ſee her yet, a luſtie ſtoute Woman, bore great Children, you were the verie skundrell of am all; but let that paſſe: As for your Mother, ſhee was wiſe, a moſt flippant tongne ſhe had, and could ſet out her Taile with as good grace as any ſhee in *Florence*, come cut and long-tayle; and ſhe was honeſt enough too: But yet by your leaue ſhe would tickle *Dob* now and then, as well as the beſt on am; By *Ioue* it's true *Cornelio*, I ſpeake it not to flatter you: your Father knew it well enough, and would he do as you do thinke you? ſet Raſcalles to vndermine her, or looke to her water, (as they ſay)? No, when he ſaw twas but her humour (for his owne quietneſſe ſake) hee made a Backe-doore to his houſe for conuenience, gott a Bell to his fore doore, and had an odd faſhion in ringing, by which ſhee and her Mayde knew him; and would ſtand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde clenly out a the way before he came, for the credite of his Wife: This was wiſedome now, for a mans owne quiet.

*Mar.* Heere was a man *Cornelio.*

*Goſt.* What I ſay? Young men thinke old men are fooles; but old men know young men are fooles.

*Cor.* Why harke you, you two Knights; Doe you thinke I will forſake *Gazetta?*

*Goſt.* And will you not?

*Cor.* Why theer's your wiſedome; why did I make ſhew of Diuorce thinke you?

*Marc.* Pray you why Sir?

*Cor.* Onelie to bridle her ſtout ſtomack: and how did I draw on the cullour for my diuorce? I did traine the Woodcocke *Dariotto* into the net, drew him to my houſe, gaue him opportunitie with my wife (as you ſay my Father dealt with his wiues friendes) onely to traine him in: let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber; and ſometimes founde him a bedd with her, and went my way backe againe ſoftlie, onelie to draw him into the Pitte.

*Goſt.* This was well handled in deed *Cornelio.*

*Marc.* I marrie Sir, now I commend your wiſedome.

*Corn.* Why, if I had been ſo minded as you thinke, I could haue flung his Pantable downe the ſtaires, or doone him ſome other diſgrace; but I winckt at it, and drew on the good foole more and more, onelie to bring him within my compaſſe.

*Goſt.* Why, this was pollicie in graine.

*Cor.* And now ſhal the world ſee I am as wiſe as my father.

*Val.* Is't come to this? then will I make a ſpeech in praiſe of this reconcilement, including therein the praiſe and honor of the moſt faſhionable and autenticall *HORNE*: ſtande cloſe Gentles, and be ſilent. *He gets into a chaire.*

*Goſt.* Come on, lets heare his wit in this potable humour.

*Valerio.*

THe courſe of the world (like the life of man) is ſaid to be deuided into ſeuerall ages: As wee into Infancie, Childhood, Youth, and ſo forward to Old-age: So the World into the Golden age, the Siluer, the Braſſe, the Iron,

Iron, the Leaden, the Wooden; and now into this preſent age, which wee tearme the *Horned age*: not that but former ages haue inioyde this benefite as well as our times; but that in ours it is more common, and neuertheleſſe pretious. It is ſaid, that in the Golden age of the world, the vſe of Gold was not then knowne: an argument of the ſimplicitie of that age, leaſt therefore ſucceeding ages ſhould hereafter impute the ſame fault to vs, which wee lay vpon the firſt age; that wee liuing in the Horned age of the world, ſhould not vnderſtand the vſe, the vertue, the honour, and the very royaltie of the Horne; I will in briefe ſound the prayſes thereof, that they who are alreadie in poſſeſsion of it, may beare their heades aloft, as beeing proud of ſuch loftie acowtrementes: And they that are but in poſsibilitie, may be rauiſht with a deſire to be in poſſeſsion.

A Trophey ſo honorable, and vnmatchably powerfull, that it is able to raiſe any man from a Beggar to an Emperours fellow, a Dukes fellow, a Noble-mans fellow, Aldermans fellow; ſo glorious, that it deſerues to be worne (by moſt opinions) in the moſt conſpicuous place about a man: For what worthier Creſt can you beare then the Horne? which if it might be ſeene with our mortall eyes, what a wonderfull ſpectacle would there be? and how highly they would rauiſh the beholders? But their ſubſtaunce is incorporall, not falling vnder ſence, nor mixt of the groſſe concretion of Elementes, but a quinteſſence beyond them; a ſpirituall eſſence inuiſible, and euerlaſting.

And this hath been the cauſe that many men haue called their beeing in queſtion, whether there be ſuch a thing in *rerum natura*, or not; becauſe they are not to be ſeene: as though nothing were that were not to be ſeene? Who euer ſaw the Winde? yet what wonderfull effectes are ſeene of it? It driues the cloudes, yet no man ſees it: It rockes the Houſe, beares downe Trees, Caſtles, Steeples, yet who ſees it? In like ſort does your Horne, it ſwelles the Forehead, yet none ſees it; it rockes the Cradle, yet none ſees it: ſo that you plainely

plainely perceiue Sence, is no Iudge of Essence, The Moone to any mans sence, seemes to be Horned; yet who knowes not the Moone to be euer perfectly round: So likewise your Heades seeme euer to be round, when in deed they are oftentimes Horned: for their originall, it is vnsearchable: Naturall they are not; for there is Beast borne with Hornes, more then with Teeth: Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; Then will you aske mee, How came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure Women brought them into this part of the world, howsoeuer some Doctors are of opinion that they came in with the Diuell: and not vnlike; for, as the Diuell brought Sinne into the worlde; but the Woman brought it to the Man: so it may very well be that the Diuell brought Hornes into the world; but the Woman brought them to the man,

For their power it is generall ouer the world, no Nation so barbarous, no Countrey so proude, but doth equall homage to the Horne. *Europa* when shee was carried through the Sea by the *Saturnian* Bull, was said (for feare of falling) to haue held by the Horne: and what is this but a plaine shewing to vs, that all *Europa*, which tooke name from that *Europa*, should likewise hold by the Horne: So that I say, it is vniuersall ouer the face of the world, general ouer the face of *Europe*, and common ouer the face of this Countrey. What Cittie, what Towne, what Village, what Streete? nay what House can quit it selfe of this prerogatiue? I haue read that the Lion once made a Proclamation through all the Forrest, that all Horned Beastes should depart foorthwith vpon paine of death: If this Proclamation should be made through our Forrest, Lord what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be euen from all the parts of it? he that had but a bunch of Flesh in his head would away: and some foolishly fearefull, would imagine the shadow of his Eares to be Hornes: Ahlas how desart would this Forrest be left?

To con-

To conclude for there force it is irreuitable, for were they not irreuitable, then might eyther properneſſe of perſon ſecure a man, or wiſedome preuent am; or greatneſſe exempt, or riches redeeme them, but preſent experience hath taught vs, that in this caſe, all theſe ſtand in no ſteade: for we ſee the properſt men take part of them, the beſt wits cannot auoide them (for then ſhould Poets be no cuckolds) nor can money redeeme them, for then would rich-men fine for their hornes, as they do for offices: But this is held for a maxime, that there are more rich cuckolds then poore, laſtly for continuance of the horne it is vndeterminable till death: Neither doe they determine with the wiues death, (howſoeuer ignorant writers holde opinion they doe) For as when a knight dies, his Ladie ſtill retaines the title of Ladie; when a company is caſt yet the Captaine ſtill retaines the title of Captaine; So though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the curteſie of the City, he ſhalbe a cuckold during life, let all ignorant aſſes prate what they liſt.

*Goſt.* Notable wag, come ſir ſhake hands with him,
In whoſe high honour you haue made this ſpeech:
*Mar Ant.* And you ſir come, ioyne hands, y'are one amongſt thē.
*Goſt.* Very well done, now take your ſeuerall wiues,
And ſpred like wilde-geeſe, though you now grow tame:
Liue merily together and agree,
*Hornes cannot be kept off with iealouſie.*

K

FINIS.

# Epilogue.

*Since all our labours are as you can like,*
*We all submit to you; nor dare presume,*
*To thinke ther's any reall worth in them:*
*Sometimes feasts please the Cookes, and not the guests,*
*Sometimes the guests, and curious Cookes contemne them,*
*Our dishes we intirely dedicate*
*To our kinde guests, but since yee differ so,*
*Some to like onely mirth without taxations,*
*Some to count such workes trifles, and such like,*
*We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles,*
*And to our best cheere say, you all are ( )welcome.*

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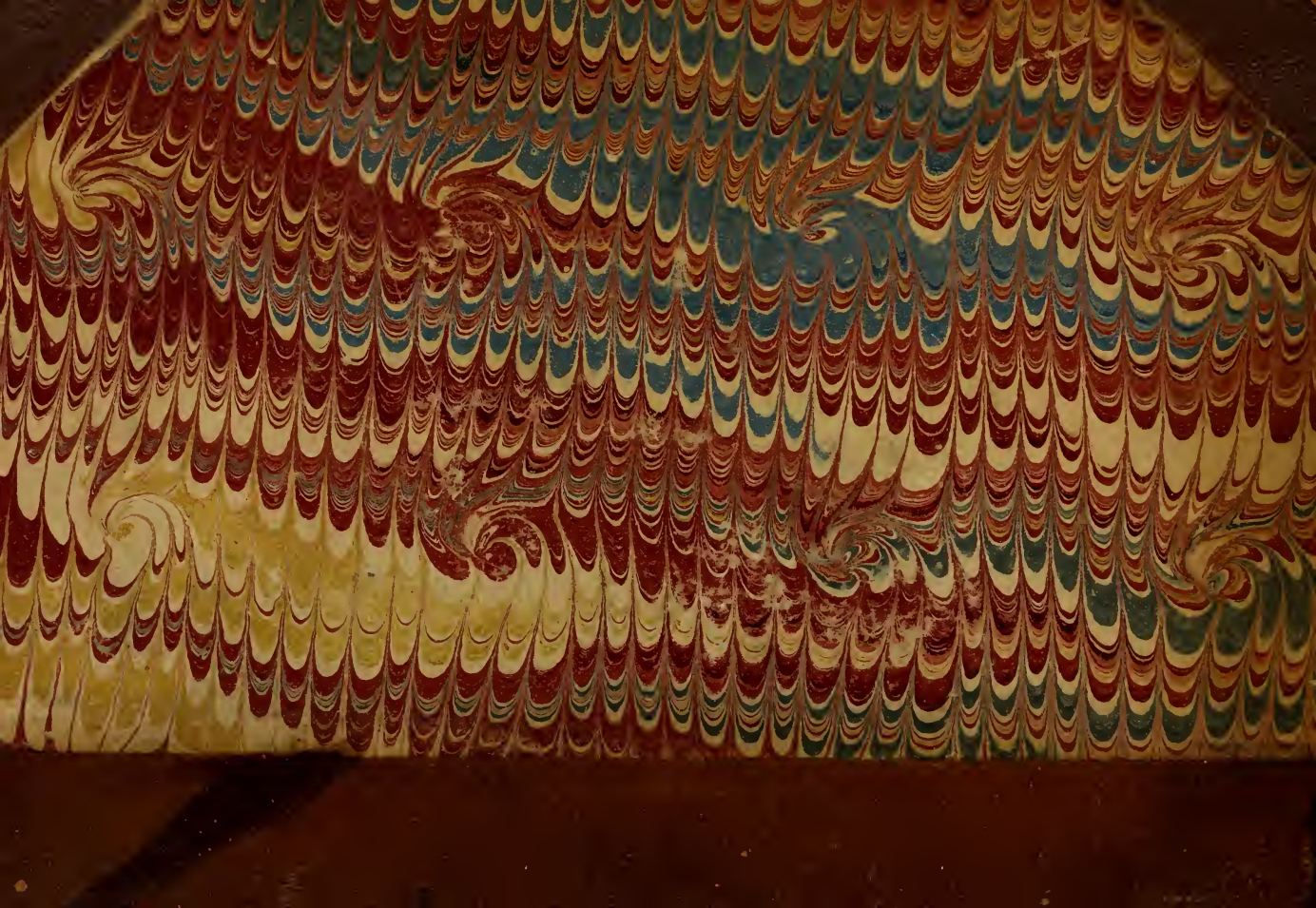
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